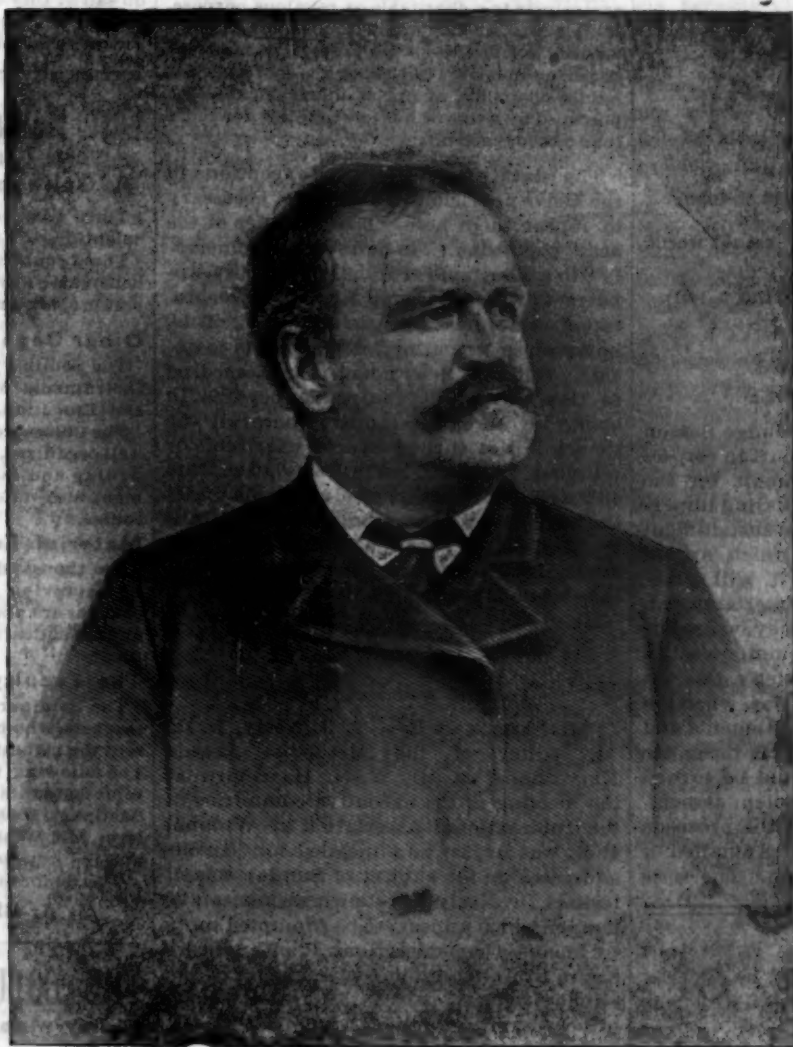


Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1903

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
RECEIVED
SEP 4 - 1903
PERIODICAL DIV.



EX-GOVERNOR JOHN D. LONG

See Page 1111

THE MEMORY GUILD

For Learning Best Hymns

BISHOP H. W. WARREN.

"PRACTICING the presence of God" is said to enable one to fulfill all religious possibilities. The Bible is full of the sentiment, "The Lord's eyes are upon the ways of man; He seeth all his goings." He is nearer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet. This is equally for encouragement and warning.

The proper use of this great fact to be bedded in our consciousness is for prayer, as appears in verses 4 and 5.

The author was a Unitarian minister.

The Source of Power

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs,
That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

— James Cowden Wallace (b. 1798, d. 1841).

Sunday Shows

From the Boston Transcript.

THE decision rendered by Judge Bosson of the Chelsea Police Court in respect to the giving of entertainments on the Lord's Day is of more than passing importance, inasmuch in case of its sustenance by the highest tribunal to which appeal will undoubtedly be made, it will practically prohibit any kind of entertainment, whether it be given for money or gratuitously, anywhere in the commonwealth. Judge Bosson holds, stated briefly, that the intention of the Legislature was, when the statute governing Sunday amusements and entertainments was enacted, that the entire sum of money collected should be turned over to a charitable or benevolent association, and that not a cent of the proceeds was to be given for the expenses entailed in the carrying out of the program. The cases

at issue were those of Edward L. Turner, proprietor of the Johnstown Flood, and Simon Alexander, manager of the Crescent Gardens Theatre, both enterprises being upon Revere Beach, where the offence complained of was alleged to have been committed on Sunday, Aug. 9. Both of the defendants were found guilty by Judge Bosson, who imposed a fine of \$100 upon each. Appeals have been made in both cases, and they will come before the Superior Court in the September term. The State law relative to the observance of the Lord's day provides:

"Whoever, on the Lord's day, is present at a game, sport, play or public diversion, except a concert of sacred music, or an entertainment given by a religious or charitable society, the proceeds of which, if any, are to be devoted to a charitable or religious purpose, shall be punished by a fine of not more than \$5 for each offence. Whoever, on the Lord's day, keeps open his shop, warehouse or workhouse, or does any manner of labor, business or work, except works of necessity or charity, or takes part in any sport, game, play or public diversion, except a concert of sacred music or an entertainment given by a religious or charitable society, the proceeds of which, if any, are to be devoted exclusively to a charitable or religious purpose, shall be punished by a fine of not more than \$50 for each offence; and the proprietor, manager or person in charge of such game, sport, play or public diversion, except as aforesaid, shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$500 for each offence."

The statute goes on to give exceptions to the above provisions, but it is not necessary to repeat them here. The language of the act, "proceeds . . . to be devoted exclusively to a charitable or religious purpose, appears to warrant Judge Bosson's interpretation and to be open to no other. This, however, is a matter for the courts to decide. But it will be noted that, according to this ruling, not only the persons in charge of an entertainment where all the money is not turned over to charitable or religious purposes, but all who attend the entertainments, lay themselves liable under the law. One of two things must result, if the decision is sustained: either all kinds of Sunday entertainments must cease, or the statute must be amended.

As Others See It

From the Watchman (Baptist).

THE attack of Rev. T. B. Neely, D. D., editor of the Methodist Lesson Expositions, on Mr. W. N. Hartshorn at the meeting of the executive committee of the International Association at Winona, Ind., was unjust and uncalled for. In his addresses on the subject of Sunday-school lessons Dr. Neely has shown an unseemly temper which appears to be prompted more by business considerations than a sincere desire to promote the best interests of the Sunday-schools. As chairman of the executive committee Mr. Hartshorn has been conspicuously fair and considerate of all interests involved, and his efforts to provide opportunity for full discussion indicate only his desire that the best things shall prevail. Dr. Neely does not carry with him the sentiment of his own denomination.

"Don't's" for Preachers

HERE are some practical "Don't's" for preachers from Dr. Northrup of Missouri: "Don't exaggerate. Don't fool with doubts. Don't let success tip you over. Don't dabble in business ventures. Don't make long pulpit prayers. Don't imitate others—better be a poor original than a fine copy. Don't preach long sermons. Don't be cold in your delivery—preach red-hot from the heart a positive

gospel. Don't speak in a monotone—the voice has numerous keys; play on as many as possible. Don't tire people out with long introductions—you can spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup. Don't neglect study and closet prayer—the finest human pipes give forth no music unless filled with the divine breath. Don't bawl or scream—too much water stops mill-wheels, and too much voice drowns sense. Don't scold your congregation or your burden-bearers. Don't go on after you have finished; let the clatter of the mill cease when the corn is ground.

A Delightful Trip for \$2. A Beautiful Ride Through New Hampshire and a Sail on the Lake Saturday, Sept. 5.

The Lake Winnepesaukee Excursion from Boston takes place Saturday, Sept. 5, via the Boston & Maine Railroad. The sail around the lake occupies five hours and the view from the decks of the steamer is grand. The White Mountains can be seen in the distance; on a clear day the peaks of Mt. Washington can be seen quite plainly.

The round trip rate is only \$2. Special train will leave Boston at 8:20 A. M. Tickets will be on sale at City Ticket Office, 322 Washington St., up to 5 P. M. September 4, and at Union Station Ticket Office until departure of train.

East Maine Conference Seminary BUCKSPORT, ME.

A College Preparatory School

Three four year courses — Classical, Latin-Scientific, and Scientific.

These courses are as thorough and comprehensive as any similar courses offered in the best preparatory schools of New England.

Other Departments

The Seminary offers a four years' course in Instrumental Music, also courses in Vocal Music and Elocution.

The Commercial Department is exceptionally well organized. Courses in Stenography, Typewriting and Business are given. This department also offers a four years' commercial course.

Material Equipment

Ten thousand dollars are now being expended in improving the buildings. The intended changes are planned to meet the best sanitary and aesthetical requirements of modern school life.

The Faculty

The Seminary has selected a faculty of nine teachers, who have been chosen so as to represent the highest ideals in secondary education. The following institutions, among others, are represented in the faculty: Drew Theological Seminary, Dickinson, Radcliffe and Bates Colleges, and Wesleyan University.

Full term opens Sept. 8.

Write for catalogue to

S. A. BENDER, B. D., President.

THE COLUMBIAN CYCLOPEDIA Thirty-nine Volumes, with Illustrations

Cloth binding. 16mo volumes.

Each volume 7½x5x1½ inches.

With Atlas of the World, 11x14 inches.

Made to sell by subscription at \$70.00. Our price, \$12.00.

Express paid to any place in New England.

GEO. E. WHITAKER,
36 Bromfield St. Boston.

\$100 in Cash for a Name
And Book of California Views FREE

We want everybody to know our new California Orange Juice and Peppin Chewing Gum, and we will pay \$100 to the person sending us the most attractive name. That you may test this delightful Gum, send us 10 cents and we will send you 30 squares, also a book of California Views, FREE. THE CALIFORNIA M. X. CHEMICAL CO., 728 Trust Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Popping of lamp-chim- neys is music to grocers.

MACBETH.

If you use a wrong chimney, you lose a good deal of both light and comfort, and waste a dollar or two a year a lamp on chimneys.

Do you want the Index? Write me.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

Zion's Herald

Volume LXXXI

Boston, Wednesday, September 2, 1903

Number 35

ZION'S HERALD

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor
GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher
PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Price, \$2.50 a year, including postage

36 Bromfield St., Boston

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

Radium Treatment for the Blind

AS the result of experiments made last week in New York, employing a combination of radium and X-rays, a girl of eleven years, who has been totally blind since she was three years of age, has, it is claimed, been enabled to see dimly, sufficiently to distinguish moving objects and to discern ordinary electric lights at night. The treatment consisted in placing seven tubes of radium in small boxes against the forehead, base of the brain, and temples of the child, after which the X-ray and the radium were tried in conjunction. The experiment will not be repeated if the child continues to improve. The radium used in the experiment was of 1,000, 3,000 and 7,000 radio activity. The treatment may not prove to be a cure for blindness, and the raising of great hopes in the minds of the blind that a remedy for their affliction has been found, is deprecated.

Production of Copper in 1902

WHILE the copper mining industry of the United States suffered during 1902 from the reaction which followed the unsuccessful attempt made during 1901 to maintain the value of the metal at an artificial level, the consumption of copper in this country was yet enormous in 1902, and large also in other leading industrial countries. The total production of copper in the United States in 1901 was 268,782 long tons, and in 1902 it amounted to 294,423 long tons, of which the Lake Superior region produced 25.9 per cent., Montana 43.8 per cent., and Arizona 18.2 per cent. Utah is forging to the front as one of the most important copper States. Only small quantities of copper ore have been shipped from Alaska to Puget Sound smelters, but it is known that large deposits of copper ore exist, whose development is being taken seriously in hand. The imports of copper ore in 1902 were valued at \$7,921,641, and the imports of copper in bars, ingots, pigs and manufactured forms amounted in value to \$12,864,021. The exports of domestic copper in different forms in 1902 were valued at \$46,811,729. The reporting mines had on hand, Jan. 1, 1903, an aggregate of 155,665,652 pounds, which rep-

resented a decline of over 128,000,000 since Jan. 1, 1902. The average selling price of Lake copper during 1902 was 11.86 cents per pound.

Creation of Life Claimed

DR. CHARLES W. LITTLEFIELD, of Alexandria, Indiana, claims that he has succeeded in creating life from a combination of salt, water and alcohol, thus fulfilling a dream that has long excited the imagination of alchemists and chemists. It may be recalled that Sir Oliver Lodge, the famous English physicist, considers that atoms are not the ultimate result of the divisibility of matter, but that the atoms themselves, although infinitesimal in dimensions, are only a composite of multitudinous electrons. Chemistry and physics indeed may be said to be at present in search of a unit, an ultimate vital basis. Dr. Littlefield now claims that he has created life in the form of thousands of atoms, or animated substances, similar to well-developed germs of life and trilobites. This result is said to have been brought about with one ounce of common salt, six ounces of pure water, and six ounces of ninety per cent. alcohol, mixed in an ordinary glass dish, with two ounces of aqua-ammonia distributed in five small plates, and the whole mixture covered with an air-tight glass tube. Scientific skepticism as to the value of this alleged discovery will abound until further proof is adduced of the actuality of the vital forms, or of the absence from the mixture of any previously existing germs of life. The devitalizing of all materials in hand is an absolutely necessary prerequisite of all experiments which have in view the "production" of life. Life has already — by numerous scientists — been produced from life.

Social Crisis in Russia

A SOCIAL revolt, under the guise of an epidemic of strikes, has started in the Caucasus and spread rapidly throughout southern and southwestern Russia. The closing of Armenian schools at Batoum appears to have aroused the Armenian workers of Baku, Tiflis and Batoum almost to a frenzy of indignation, and to have turned thousands of them into rabid revolutionists. The socialist propaganda which made numerous converts in the Caucasus region has been disseminated over an area of Russian territory at least nine hundred miles wide. The tide of socialism is so strong that the Russian Government has not been able even with its inexorable censorship wholly to suppress the socialist organs, and in some cases has even with a patronizing paternalism coddled and fed rebellious

strikers. Attention has been drawn afresh to the present disturbances by the sensational news of the open disobedience of the military led against the strikers of Jula, and of the summary execution of a captain of the imperial army for refusing to order his troops to fire on "their starving brethren." The unrest in Russia at present is the swell from the industrial storm of September, 1902, at which time through over-production two-fifths of the industrial enterprises of Russia became virtually insolvent, when the Government alternately coaxed and lashed the excited industrial workers, the latter being joined in their discontent by the ignorant peasants, who had been deceived by a report that the Czar by a ukase had bestowed upon them a share in the estates of the nobles. The unenlightened risings of that year have since given place to a thoroughly organized and intelligently conducted revolt. A country like Russia, producing one-sixth of the gold of the world, and rich in metallic deposits, where domestic industry is rapidly giving way to the factory system and the phase of agrarianism is passing over into modern industrialism, is sure to experience many commercial and social disturbances which an antiquated and intolerant bureaucracy, labeled an autocracy, will find it difficult to control. In the opinion of the eminent authority, Professor Ernest Tarbouriech, the present intolerable conditions must soon bring about the overthrow of the social and political structure of the Russian Empire.

Persistence of Turkey in History

THE phrase, "sick man," has been applied so frequently and for so long a period to Turkey as almost to have lost its significance. Tradition says that the phrase was originated by a statesman of the time of Queen Elizabeth. The "sick man," if not convalescent, still persists in refusing to pass away. This fact, however, is due not to his own inherent vitality, but, as has been keenly observed, to the hypodermic injections which England administered during the Crimean War and at the Congress of Berlin. The concern of Europe for the health of the "sick man" is due not so much to any regard for the chronic sufferer as to a fear lest, if he succumb to his political woundings, a bloody wrangle might ensue over the question of the disposition of the property of the deceased. Russia and England first clashed over Turkey in 1829, when the Russian troops under Dibitch pushed on as far as Adrianople, but were turned back through the vigorous assertion of English objections. Since then England has entertained the lively suspicion that Russian wars with Turkey were not wars of liberation for the Chris-

tians, but for the conquest of Constantinople. The issues of the Crimean War and of the Turco-Russian War of 1878 were hailed by Englishmen as great triumphs for British diplomacy, but Lord Salisbury in 1896 confessed that in those two historic crises "England put her money on the wrong horse." Disraeli and Salisbury were largely responsible for the fact that there is still an Eastern Question and an unhealed sore in the Balkans. Though England in 1878 opposed the projected big Bulgaria, she appeared as Bulgaria's friend in 1885, when she kept Turkey out of that country. The Bulgarians, though allied to the Russians in race and religion, have proved impatient of Russia's dictation. The great Russian-hater, Stambouloff, for eight years defied Russia and proved to her that Bulgaria was not "Slavonic dough."

Russia's policy now appears to be to preserve the Turkish Empire until such a time as she can swallow it whole. Russia's policy, especially in view of the Far East complications, is not assisted by the revolutionary propaganda in Macedonia. It is not clear, however, that the action of Russia is at present strongly motivated, as no one man of undoubted strength seems to be at the diplomatic helm, and many of her moves are inconsistent with one another. All Europe is still wondering at the exact motive determining the sending of the fleet to Inlida. Perhaps the Russian cabinet itself is not quite sure of its own reasons for ordering that sensational move. What is clear is that Turkey, if let alone, can in her own burly, blundering way crush the revolt in the Balkans by sheer weight of massed battalions. It is quite within the realm of the possible, however, that at any time the wholesale resistance of the Christians may precipitate such a carnival of slaughter as to compel the interference of Europe to stop the bloodshed, resulting in a Congress with no Beaconsfield or Salisbury at hand to patch up another "peace-with-honor" arrangement or to apply a fresh poultice to the already much-blistered side of the "sick man."

Discovery of N-Rays

IN a paper recently read before the Academie des Sciences, M. Blondlot describes a new form of radiation which he has termed "N-rays," from the University of Nancy, where most of the experiments were conducted. The rays were first discovered by using a Welsbach burner, but have since been given off from other sources. A Bunsen burner by itself alone does not appreciably produce them, but a circular gas flame emits the rays, and the rays are also given off by the sun. The researches of M. Blondlot go to show that most of the artificial sources of light and heat emit radiations which are capable of traversing metals and a great number of bodies besides which are opaque for the ordinary rays of the spectrum. The term "N-rays" includes a large number of radiations, in some cases the index of refraction being greater than 2 and from other sources being below 1.5. The "N-rays" are incapable of exciting phosphorescence in bodies which acquire it by the action of light, but, when such a body has been previously rendered

phosphorescent, on being exposed to the N-rays it is seen to increase in brightness. It seems certain that the new rays have points in common with the known rays of great wave length. On the other hand, the property which they possess of traversing metals differentiates them from all others known. It is very probable that the N-rays are to be found among the fine octaves of the series of radiations which remain unexplored between the Rubens rays and the shortest electro-magnetic waves.

Bar Association Discusses Trusts

THE session of the American Bar Association, held last Thursday at Hot Springs, Va., was rendered notable by an address by United States Judge B. B. Colt of Rhode Island on the "Reasonableness of the Law," and by an animated discussion of the trust question, which was precipitated by a report from the committee on Commercial Law, recommending unanimously that "modern industrial combinations should be stayed." In presenting the report Walter S. Logan declared that the trust question would have to be settled by the lawyers, for if they do not settle it the demagogues will; and he asserted that if combinations continue, competition will cease and commercial jurisprudence will be entirely changed eventually. The report affirms that combinations are rapidly driving out of business the small producer and dealer, for whose operations the activities of industrial combinations of gigantic magnitude, too large for a bankruptcy court to manage and too rich to need ever to be called before it, have been substituted. "Combination as an economic force is fast coming to take the place of competition. The union of employers is still stronger and more far-reaching than the union of the workmen. We are now having combinations of combinations." The remedies recommended for this state of things are taxation and government competition. The report evoked warm debate. A new element was introduced into the controversy by the offering as a substitute for the report of a paper the essential ideas of which were that the injury done to the public through trusts is through unreal competition — the giving away of goods to destroy weak rivals, or the selling of goods below cost for the same purpose — and which contained the recommendation that Congress appoint a Corporation Commission in each State, having complete power to stop dishonest trading.

Internal Commerce Conditions

INTERNAL commerce conditions throughout the United States, as reflected by the July report of the Department of Commerce and Labor, are quite satisfactory. Receipts of live-stock at five markets this year to the end of July amounted to 17,734,847 head. July receipts of cattle at Chicago this year were the heaviest since 1892, with the single exception of those of July, 1901. The state of the provision market is significant of lowering prices. Backwardness of the season, however, is reflected in the figures of wheat receipts during July, the first

month of the new crop year. Trade on the Great Lakes between domestic ports has exceeded the quantity of freight handled up to July, 1902, by a million tons. Grain receipts at the North Atlantic seaboard to July 31 this year amounted to 143,439,340 bushels as compared with 111,536,289 bushels last year. Receipts of cotton at United States ports to July 31 (being eleven months of the cotton-crop year) amounted to 7,697,909 bales as compared with 7,542,234 bales in 1902. Special movements characteristic of certain trade centres have totaled higher in 1903 than in 1902. Anthracite coal shipments have in the past seven months reached an aggregate of 37,262,447 tons, as compared with 31,134,766 tons in 1902.

Novel Use for Wireless Telegraphy

A CURIOUS instance of the use of wireless telegraphy in mid-ocean is reported from an incoming Atlantic liner. A young man who was on his way from Europe on the "Campania," which recently arrived in New York, discovered that he was short in his funds. He happened to remember that his mother was just then crossing the Atlantic on the "Lucania" in the opposite direction. Consulting the officers of the "Campania," he arranged with them to have a wireless message sent out into space, the ship being then some 1,500 miles from land, requesting from his mother a loan of money. It happened that the "Lucania" picked up the message, and a wireless reply was despatched over the waves, authorizing the purser of the "Campania," on the authority of the purser of the "Lucania," to pay the sum of \$250 to the needy young man, his mother having deposited that amount of money with the officers of the latter ship. This incident raises the incidental question whether at that distance at sea any banking laws apply, and if so, the laws of what country?

Merchantable Power

AN incinerating plant is in successful operation in New York city which not only removes out of the way the garbage and miscellaneous waste of a great metropolis, but also converts it into illuminating power. This plant, which is situated on the East River, consists of a capacious furnace into whose hungry maw all sorts of articles from bedsteads to tooth-brushes are fed from a big hopper. The waste brought in carts is deposited on traveling belts which carry it past dozens of "trimmers" — Italians or other poor people who are on the lookout for all articles of any value that may chance to turn up among the discarded drift. After the stuff has run the gauntlet of the eager fingers of these sharp-eyed gentry, it passes through the hopper into the furnace, where it is consumed at a high heat. By this process of pulverization and incineration not only are many unhygienic articles which would threaten the health of the populace (such as bedding infected with disease) destroyed, but, by this consumption of refuse, power is actually manufactured out of the debris and dust of the city's streets, and waste is put to work. The big furnace becomes an alem-

bie out of which new forms of value issue for the public good.

Menace of the "Walking Delegate"

BY the conviction of a prominent walking delegate, recently obtained in a neighboring State, for practising extortion and levying blackmail, attention is called to a serious abuse of the powers of organized labor, which are as actual and may be as harmful as the tyrannies and other evils of organized capital. Combinations of capital, it has often been asserted, are frequently used for the oppression of labor, the destruction of competition, and the spoliation of the public. The "Sam" Parks case and some other incidents that have occurred of late illustrate the potentiality of labor, when thoroughly organized and when delegating its functions to a few daring men, for social and economic evil. Walking delegates have been known to employ their powers to extort tribute from business men under threats of a strike, and there is danger lest one unscrupulous business man should hire a walking delegate to cripple a competitor by calling off his workmen at a critical time. There is an inherent peril in the system of organized labor as there is in the gigantic combinations of capital. The mass of the honest workingmen of the country of course repudiate the iniquitous actions of such of their representatives as have yielded to the temptation to make unlawful gain out of their position as delegates and managers of industrial situations, but are not perhaps sufficiently awake to these dangers, and the Parks conviction will serve to accentuate the fact that the power to order a strike is greater than should be vested in any one man.

Beirut Incident

A DIPLOMATIC incident has been created by the reported assassination, Aug. 23, at Beirut, Syria, of United States Vice-Consul William C. Magelssen. On receipt of the despatch from Minister Leishman at Constantinople, President Roosevelt with characteristic vigor at once ordered the European squadron under Admiral Cotton to Beirut. The despatch proved to have been misread. The consul was not assassinated, nor even wounded, but was fired on by an individual described as "unknown." In the President's mind, however, the circumstance that the vice-consul escaped bodily harm does not affect the seriousness of the Beirut affair. The fact that an attempt has been made on the life of one of its consular representatives is considered a serious affront to this country. Conditions in Beirut, and indeed in Turkey generally, are very unsettled, and the attempted killing of Vice-Consul Magelssen has effectively served to bring matters to a head, so far as a vigorous remonstrance by the United States is concerned. The fleet under Admiral Cotton is on its way from Genoa to Beirut. Great interest is being taken on the Continent in the quick and energetic movements of New World as compared with Old World diplomacy. Minister Leishman takes a serious view of the condition of affairs in Turkey, and the President's continued belief that the

presence of an American fleet in Turkish waters is desirable, is understood to have been fortified by advices from the American Minister which have not yet been made public.

Balkan Crisis More Acute

EUROPEAN Turkey continues in a state of ferment, and furious outbreaks of violence are reported from almost every province. An attempt has been made to blow up the Oriental express, a train much patronized by American tourists. One section of Adrianople is in ashes, and panic has reigned throughout the city, in view of massacres which have occurred at that point, with respect to which details are lacking. The insurgents have blown up the lighthouse at Vasilike on the Black Sea coast. The Bulgarians sustained a severe reverse at Smilovo last Friday, where six battalions of Turkish troops under Servet Pasha stormed a height occupied by 3,000 insurgents, 1,000 of the latter being reported killed or wounded. New risings have occurred in Salonika. An obscure "hoja" (Moslem teacher) at Kossovo has been preaching a "a holy war" crusade, but the Sheikh-ul-Islam at Constantinople has not yet said the word. The Turkish troops, who are brave and effective when well officered, are discouraged because of lack of pay, and the Swedish Ambassador has notified the Porte that unless the Swedish officers now at Uskub receive early remittances, they will leave the country.

FACTS WORTH NOTING

The Emperor William of Germany has ordered from the sculptor Goetz statues of Hadrian and Alexander Severus, which are to be erected at Saalburg in the positions formerly occupied by the ancient statues of those two Roman Emperors.

The famous minaret which for five centuries has risen in graceful form above the tomb of Tamerlane at Samarcand, Central Asia, has collapsed and fallen. The mausoleum of the great Asiatic conqueror is now little more than a heap of ruins.

The Japanese Minister at Seoul has protested to the Korean Government against the concession to Russia of three hundred acres of land at Yengampho on the Korean side of the Yalu River, on the ground of the distance of Yengampho from the Russian timbering operations, and because of the irregularity of occupying the land first and negotiating afterwards. Korea was warned that such action was harmful to the independence of the Korean Empire.

Fort Scott, Kansas, has a curfew ordinance against piano playing. All playing must cease at nine o'clock at night. The first woman to violate the ordinance was fined \$15 and costs.

It is reported by cable that Andrew Carnegie, apparently with a view to making some amends for having by his multiplication of libraries curtailed the book-markets to the disadvantage of poor and struggling authors, has settled a pension of \$250 a year on the granddaughter of Robert Burns — perhaps as a first step toward granting pensions to the descendants of other poets or authors of distinction.

The prophet "Elijah" Dowle, who is soon to invade New York with 4,000 trained Dowleites — he himself traveling in the finest parlor car, of fourteen sections, ever

turned out by the Pullman Company — is to send a detachment of 300 Zionites to convert the Mormons. His plans include the establishing of an intrenched camp, in the shape of a great city, in the Wasatch Mountains, and he announces that he is prepared to spend many shekels in the carrying out of this effort.

More than fifty people, most of them tourists from various parts of the country, were recently poisoned in Colorado Springs and Manitou, Colorado, from eating ice-cream from one of the largest creameries and dairies in the State. Analysis by the health officers revealed the fact that the cream was charged with formaldehyde to keep it from souring.

The Civil Service Commission has detailed Miss Caroline L. Greishelm, a clerk in the Bureau, to make a tour of inspection of the larger post-offices of the country and to interpret the Civil Service regulations to the officials in charge. The detail is made as a result of the recent exposures of violations of the Civil Service rules in many post-offices.

The action of the Canadian Government in making the Canadian canals free for the movement of traffic has diverted large shipments of grain from the Atlantic ports to the St. Lawrence route. The grain rate is now three cents per bushel less from Chicago to Liverpool via Montreal than by way of Boston or New York. During the past few days alone 1,000,000 bushels of corn were sold in Chicago for shipment via Montreal.

General Luke B. Wright has been appointed Governor of the Philippines, as the successor of Governor Taft when the latter becomes Secretary of War next January. General Wright, who is now vice-governor of the islands and a member of the Philippine Commission, is a native of Tennessee. He was educated at the University of Mississippi, and is a lawyer of reputation. He fought throughout the Civil War as a private in the Confederate Army.

The people of Naples were startled last Wednesday by an explosive eruption from Mount Vesuvius. A thousand feet below its central cone the volcano opened like a huge mouth, out of which belched a fiery stream of lava. The eruption was accompanied by no earthquake, detonation, or rain of ashes. No loss of life occurred, nor was the electric road up the mountain touched. The superstitious lower classes have ascribed the eruption to the "evil eye" of Professor Krull of Munich, who has been predicting a disturbance.

Five vessels of a type entirely new to the United States Navy will be commissioned within a few weeks. These ships are known as the "Denver class," and are designed primarily to prey upon the commerce of an enemy. They are named the "Cleveland," "Denver," "Tacoma," "Chattanooga" and "Galveston." They are all of 3,000 tons displacement, and have a speed of 17 knots. Only indispensable woodwork is used in the hull and fittings, to reduce the danger of fire to a minimum. The vessels carry "primary" batteries consisting of 5 inch rifles, and also "secondary" equipments of rapid-fire guns.

Just previous to his retirement General Miles addressed a letter to the War Department, giving his views as to army organization, which has now been made public. In this last official utterance the General says that the nation has too much cavalry in proportion to the other arms of the service, prophesies that automobiles will come into extended use in the next war, and advocates the formation of a road-building corps. He points out that in this country there are 100,000 men thoroughly accustomed to the saddle who might be utilized in the event of war as mounted riflemen.

THE FINE ART OF LIVING

TO live well is the finest of all arts, and its product, character, is the finest of all works of art. Admirable living is indeed the rarest thing in the world, and yet it is just what we are sent into the world for.

What, then, is this best, this finest sort of living? Broadly stated, it consists in giving and getting the most real and lasting good out of the years allotted to man here on earth. First, *giving* the most good, because it is only by making this the prior aim of life that one can get the largest amount of good out of living. To put self-ministry first is to build at the outset a wall between one's self and happiness.

Living becomes a fine art when it is the chief end of each individual to get out of his environment the most and best that it is capable of yielding, through him, to others. Success in this sort of ministry means for the individual, first, character, which is the finest of all imperishable products; secondly, personal welfare; thirdly, happiness.

A life based on this ideal, of imparting good to others, will be beautiful because unselfish; it will be rich, fruitful, blest, because all real, worth-while attainment in this world is determined by the amount of one's ministry to others — there is no other criterion of solid success; and it will be happy because God has so constituted us that the normal man finds in simple giving the greatest and sweetest of all natural joys.

There is no other such fine work of art in the world as a man or woman formed and perfected on this model. A beautiful character is a far more lovely thing than the rarest poem, painting or statue, and its influence for good is infinitely more vital and permanent. And — what is best and most joyful of all — we know that every child of God has it in him, inherits the possibility as his birthright, to beat out this beautiful thing, character, as the silversmith beats out his gold. Let him write in his inmost heart, "I serve," and he has fixed upon the secret of all the beauty and fruitfulness and happiness that life can yield.

MOCKERY OF MORALITY

THE old time prophet Zephaniah, speaking in the name of the Lord, rebuked the men in Jerusalem who were settled or "curded" on their lees, who said in their heart, "The Lord will not do good, neither will He do evil." Those hardened Jerusalem sinners felt a distaste for Deity. They were not willing to admit that virtue has a Voice which speaks in its behalf from heaven; they would not recognize the higher sanction of morality in the character and will of a Creator. Their ethical attitude amounted practically to this: The Lord will not do anything, whether "good" or "evil," for good and evil are one, each as non-existent as the other. Nothing is wrong, for everything is right. Morality is meaningless, and piety a waste of time.

This cynical spirit reappears again and again in the course of history, and comes to frequent manifestation at the present day. There is much of this mockery of mo-

rality, either confessed, or, more frequently, acted, not advertised. Only thus can be explained those lapses from the path of virtue and integrity on the part of trusted and "intelligent" members of the community who for a long period have been thought to be as exempt from reproach and as inaccessible to temptation as is the angel Gabriel. Years before their public fall those paragons of virtue may have been harboring in their hearts the damning doubt of goodness. In the inmost forum of their minds, in the hall of conscience, they have admitted some adroit attorney of skepticism, some lying Terullus, who has mocked the stern Pauline conception of righteousness and judgment to come. Gradually the dry rot of indifference has pervaded their being, until at last ethical distinctions have ceased to have any meaning for them, and they lapse back to the old heretical attitude in Jerusalem: "The Lord — if there be a Lord — will not do good, neither will He do evil." When once a man is committed to this position of distrust of moral discriminations, his fall under the condemnation of his fellows is only a matter of time; for in the present state of civilization no individual destitute of moral sense can indefinitely maintain himself in society or the commercial world.

The saddest thing in all such instances of finally discovered rascality is not the revelation, but the reality, of the moral failure. So long as man knows good from evil there is hope of his salvation. For the reclamation of the moral degenerate who has lost the sense of good and evil it may still be possible to pray, but it is difficult to pray hopefully. The lesson for the church is evident: Upon the young, before they are yet out of their teens, drive home the eternal distinction, the awful difference, between right and wrong, good and evil, so trenchantly, if need be so terribly, that thereafter, so long as they live, they can no more forget that there is in spiritual geography a Sinai as well as a Calvary than they can lose the consciousness of their own identity.

ANIMAL OR MORAL

"INNOCENT amusements" for Sunday promise to be a vital issue in Massachusetts this year in politics, and the subject is of national interest. The words quoted are from an editorial in one of the largest dailies of Boston, in which the ground was taken that such amusements should be permitted on Sundays, presumably at Revere Beach and other places where the public authorities are supposed to exercise strict control and to be present during the day to enforce the law. The issue is being forced into politics by some of the Democratic leaders who have raised the old "personal liberty" cry, which has been the banner under which campaigns for license, instead of liberty, have been fought. Governor Bates is the object of direct attack because of his supposed sympathy with the enforcement of the law. It is charged that his administration is run by "the church and the temperance people." It is evident that a further effort is being made to relax the laws for the observance of the Lord's day,

which have already been the subject of relaxing legislation no fewer than three times in recent years, beginning with the general revision of the Sunday law in 1885.

So it is well to see what is the right in this renewed clamor for further relaxation of the Sunday laws. Is it good public policy — for the civil well-being in a State where the civil authority is superior to the church must be the criterion — to permit "innocent amusements" at the beaches, in the parks, in the public reservations, on the Charles River, at picnic groves, and at public resorts generally on Sunday? Shall the merry-go-rounds set their horses flying? Shall theatrical or musical entertainments, under the legal cloak of some "charity" (which doubtless covers a multitude of sins), appeal to the multitude? Shall all the diversions of the week days be in full operation on Sundays? Amusements, in themselves, are all innocent. It is only as other elements are mixed with them that they become guilty. So it does not help the case to plead for "innocent" amusements. Work which is done on week days is in itself innocent, and the innocence of the work as much justifies the doing of it on Sunday as the innocence of the amusements makes it good policy to let down the bars for all diversions which come under that head.

What things, which are done innocently on week days, should be permitted on Sundays? That is a better form of the question. It may be admitted, frankly, that the question of Sunday observance is puzzling at times. It is not always easy to say just where the line should be drawn. It is true that people of unquestionable sincerity and of apparently equal conscientiousness have different views about the observance of the Lord's day.

But this is a fair proposition, in the first place, that the observance, whether under Jewish or Christian dispensation, comes primarily in consequence of Divine command. Respect of the Supreme Being is the first element in the observance of the day. With all due gratitude and sincerity, then, the honest person — and it must reasonably be presumed that by far the large majority of people under the civil law believe in the existence of God as the Giver of all and also believe that the holy day was established by His command — will try to observe the day in spirit. That is, every sincere person will not try to see how close to the line of transgression he can walk, but will keep as far away from it as possible.

Primarily, under the command, the holy day is a rest day. It is to be observed as such by all the people, as far as possible, having regard to works of necessity and mercy. Do "innocent amusements" conform to the spirit of the day? Suppose it be answered "yes." Then Revere Beach and all the public resorts everywhere in the State would be "wide open" for all the diversions, shows, entertainments and festivities which the most light-hearted might care to enjoy. It would become a day of frivolity, hilarity, and careless, rollicking enjoyment. Judging by what we know of human nature, it would be certain that in many cases the liberty would run to excess and license would be taken. Public morality would certainly suffer under such interpretation of the rights of enjoyment on Sunday.

The moral and spiritual side of the day would be lost sight of altogether, and the animal would become the predominating, whether it were the kittenish play of little children or the entertainments suited to older years.

Back of the rightful interpretation of Sunday laws lies the conception of the true nature of the people as a whole. Are we animal or moral? If mankind is to be put on the animal plane, then Sunday enjoyments, to be permitted by law, should include all the class under the head of "innocent amusements," and Sunday would become a general gala day all over the country. Seriousness, quiet, restfulness, opportunity for thoughtfulness, even the opportunity for communion with nature, which is made so much of by some who favor a liberal interpretation of Sunday observance, would all be lost, and the day would become one of noise, hurrah, and trifles, demoralizing to the entire body of people and sure to end in a far worse condition. It would be fair to argue that if society is to be put on the animal plane, then other moral observances must go by the board also. The argument might easily be carried to a logical, shocking and demoralizing extreme.

But, whatever free-thinking people may say, the moral nature of the people as a whole is too firmly recognized in our laws to permit a dispute. Being on the moral basis, then, everything which tends to break down the character of the day as one of rest and separateness from the secular days ought to be reduced to a minimum. Children who are not of the age to discriminate might be diverted by means which persons of discrimination ought not to employ for themselves. The community, as a whole, is entitled to a quiet observance of the day, and such observance ought to be enforced upon those who would not willingly respect the rights of the whole, or willingly do their own duty in the case. "Innocent amusements," under this view, become bad policy, and are rightfully to be restrained. Quiet enjoyment of nature is one thing, general frivolity on Sunday is quite another.

If it is the purpose of the Democratic managers to force upon the State a discussion of the rightfulness of the laws which restrain personal liberty, they may render a public service, for the right observance of the Lord's day is not irksome for those who appreciate its worthy side of love and respect for the Giver of it; while those who would pervert the character of the people and put the day upon an animal plane, have no standing in the court of reason. In view of the tendency toward a loose observance of Sunday and the misty ideas which a great many persons have about the day, a return to fundamental principles ought to tone up the people all around.

Noteworthy Distinction

ON the occasion of the recent jubilee of the University of Heidelberg, the most ancient university in the German Empire, the theological faculty made eight persons honorary doctors of theology. Inasmuch as all of the seventeen Protestant theological faculties of Germany put together have, in some instances, granted in a whole year not more than a dozen theo-

logical doctorates, Heidelberg's generosity is noteworthy. Yet far more noteworthy is the fact that two of these eight new doctors are women. These are Margaret Dunlop Gibson and Agnes Smith Lewis, both so well known for their distinguished services in New Testament paleography and kindred matters. The former was already an honorary doctor of laws, and the latter had been made an honorary doctor of philosophy by Halle some time ago. Another of Heidelberg's new theological doctors is Friedrich Naumann, the highly gifted and famous social reformer. Some years ago Naumann gave up his pastoral charge, and since that time he has devoted his strength to the propagation of his reform principles through politics, journalism, public addresses, and the management of one of the great social congresses of Germany. His friend, Dr. Rade, editor of the *Christliche Welt*, calls Heidelberg's granting him the theological doctorate "a fine and brave act," and expresses the hope that the degree will help its bearer "not to forget his theological heart."

Irreligion Run Mad

THE Co-operative Society of Plumstead, England, is just founding a new town on 150 acres of land divided into 3,500 house lots. The Society has resolved not to grant sites for any kind of church building within the bounds of the new settlement. The town over which the church-bell does not ring ought to have its insurance rates put up. No amount of "co-operation" among men will make up for a failure to take Almighty God into partnership in business undertakings. No town founded on atheistic principles ever yet flourished, from the days of Sodom on. When the church does not stand near the school, public morals decay, and even ordinary business faculties deteriorate. If the lightning stroke of Divine judgment does not at once fall on such a Bibleless settlement, the community will inevitably suffer from the slow blight of an interior corruption.

Passive Resistance in England

THE carrying out of the Passive Resistance program in England has resulted in curious and in some instances lively scenes. When twenty-five influential gentlemen of Sutton were summoned for amounts due on their "rates," the court-room was crowded almost to suffocation. The magistrates refused to allow the defendants to state the ground of any objection they entertained to paying the rates unless it was of a legal character, whereupon indignation ran so high that the chairman threatened to clear the court. Six summoned "resisters" at Maidenhead, on appearing in court, found that the rate and costs had been paid for them. The bench ruled that there was no case, and refused them a hearing. At Brigg goods seized from resisters, including a hearth-rug belonging to a Primitive Methodist minister, a swing chair belonging to a Congregational minister, and a wicker chair seized from a lady, were put up at auction. The bidding was brisk, and some of the articles were bought in for the owners. At Rugby it was found that in five out of eighteen cases of summonses the rates had been paid by other parties, perhaps as a plot to gag the spokesmen of the group, but all the defendants repudiated payment. Mr. T. Hunter, a prominent Wesleyan and an ex-circuit steward, after expressing hearty sympathy with the resisters, left the bench. Two ladies of social position at Bournemouth stated in court their conscientious objections to pay-

ing the rate, whereupon the chairman said: "We have no other course open to us than to order a distress." The defendants left the court amid enthusiasm. Rev. H. Arnold Thomas, writing in a recent number of the *Bristol Mercury*, said: "I learn today that a friend, with a kindness which I regret, has paid the education rate on my behalf." The honor of being the first "passive resister" in Boston fell to an ironmonger connected with the Methodist Free Church. A notable protest was made by Rev. Valentine Row, incumbent of Portland Episcopal Chapel, Bath, who, though a churchman, and paying his rate in full, wrote to the overseer that he did so "under earnest protest against the part of the rate levied under the terms of the Education Act, which was unduly forced upon the nation without taking the sense of the people upon its necessity or justice." A Cambridge professor publicly declared that those who were resisting the payment of the education rate were doing "a far less unconstitutional thing than those who, by means of an electoral majority obtained for quite a different purpose, attempted to force down their throats something that had never been before the country." A curious incident is reported from Bishop's Stortford, where a Roman Catholic priest paid the rate for Rev. John Wood, a Congregational minister, and leader of the local Resistance movement.

"Nervous Apprehension"

PROF. SAMUEL F. LANGLEY, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who has devoted twenty years of his life to the perfection of an "aerodrome," by which he expects to solve the problem of the navigation of the air, and who has had a number of vicissitudes while perfecting his apparatus, was said not long ago to be suffering from "nervous apprehension." The disease—though we do not know that it is put down under that head in the medical books—is not an uncommon one. There are people who suffer from it all their lives. These are the dear folk who are always afraid that something is going to happen. Perhaps it will not happen, or perhaps if it does happen it will not be very dreadful after all, but at any rate it is of little use worrying about either the things that can be helped or that cannot be helped. "Nervous apprehension" assists no one either to progress along the earth's surface or to fly as by an invisible aerodrome toward heaven.

As worrying is one of the besetting infirmities of the writer, we hereby produce a homily against it which has been read several times with some good and powerful resolutions. The *Chicago Post* says:

"Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., pictures one of the characters in 'The Only Woman' [the volume is reviewed in our Book Table this week] as having carved across his oaken mantel the words: 'I am an old man now; I've had lots of trouble, and most of it never happened.' No doubt most of us when we near the end of life's journey could give expression to the same sentiment. In general our troubles have three proportions according to our point of view: They are all fearfully large in prospect; the worst of them is bearable in actual occurrence; and they shrink to a mere dot in retrospect.

"The great bulk of our troubles are those of anticipation, and a generic term for them is worry. Most of them never happen, and those that do have shrunk so that we scarcely can recognize them. The longer the perspective the greater the trouble; so we find our worries more numerous and more wearing before than after we have passed the meridian of our brief day.

"As we move gently, and we fancy a little more quickly toward the sunset line, and glance now and then back over the long and

often rugged and tortuous trail, we see little of our earlier worries but phantoms of the troubles that never happened, and these grow even more tenuous as we travel from them until they are but a luminous vapor through which we view a day that was much fuller of sunshine than of cloud and a winding pathway so thickly flanked with honeysuckle and lavender that we cannot discern the occasional thistle and briar.

"No matter at what time we take this backward view we may see that most of our troubles never happened. There is no specific like comparison for the cure of that dread malady, worry. No trouble is as great as our fretting makes it, and this ought to admonish us to let fretting alone.

"The old man of the book is the counterpart of many an old man of flesh and blood, and also of many an aged woman. All of them have had lots of trouble, and most of it never happened. From the experience of those who have gone nearly the length of the journey the young man and the young woman might say: 'I am young; I expect to have lots of trouble; but as most of it will never happen, I won't worry about any of it.'"

It is significant that He who was the Truth, in that incomparable sermon on the mountain-side, so distinctly and repeatedly warned his hearers against the unfaith and uselessness of worry. Though His words are familiar, we reproduce them for reading and meditation in this connection. He said:

"Take no thought [R. V., "Be not anxious"] for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

PERSONALS

— Rev. Dr. Henry H. Clark, U. S. N., Chaplain at Naval Academy, Annapolis, is spending a part of his vacation in this city.

— Prof. Charles Horswell, formerly of Garrett Biblical Institute, will supply the pulpit of First Church, Des Moines, until Conference.

— We present on another page a suitable memoir of that splendid layman, the late Bradley D. Rising, of Springfield, with an excellent portrait.

— Rev. Dr. C. W. Gallagher, of Washington, D. C., called at this office last week. He had just come from Ocean Grove, where he had attended the Deaconess Conference.

— Rev. Dr. B. W. Hutchinson, who in June resigned the principalship of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, has been elected president of the West Virginia State Normal School, at a salary of \$2,100.

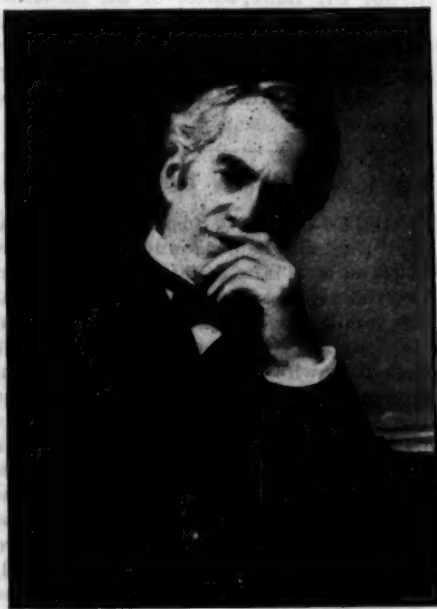
— In a personal note received from Rev. Dillon Bronson, with another very interesting communication to appear next week, he says that he is "Back to civiliza-

tion. Shall tarry a few days in Baddeck, Cape Breton, and hope to return Sept. 10."

— Rev. G. M. Curl, presiding elder of Concord District, New Hampshire Conference, is, we regret to learn, in poor health, and has been relieved of his district work until the first of October.

— Prof. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., the rising son of a very distinguished father, has by recent faculty changes at Union College been promoted to the chair of English Literature and Rhetoric.

— Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D. D., and three of his sons, Rev. Liverus and Messrs. Ernest and Chester (with the wives and five children of the first two named), have gone to Bethlehem, N. H., for two weeks.



REV. JOHN REID SHANNON, D. D.

Expected successor to Rev. E. H. Hughes, D. D., at Centre Church, Malden, of whom personal mention was made last week.

— Leon C. Marshall, who has recently been called to the chair of economics in Ohio Wesleyan University, is probably the youngest man to occupy such a position in the United States. He is but twenty-four years of age.

— The *Epworth Herald* of last week says: "Rev. Dr. French, formerly pastor of Wesley Church, Minneapolis, but now a Congregational pastor at Malden, Mass., has been supplying the pulpit of Wesley for two Sundays."

— Rev. Luther Freeman, of First Church, Chattanooga, Tenn., called at this office last week on his return from his vacation to resume the work of his pastorate. He is in perfect health and very enthusiastic in regard to his church and its unusual corps of helpers.

— Rev. Wm. H. Meredith has been appointed by Bishop Andrews to the pastorate of Boston St. Church, Lynn. At the second quarterly conference, held recently at Southbridge, resolutions were passed honorably releasing him from that charge, greatly regretting his removal and highly commending his work in Southbridge. He will take up his duties at Boston St. on the first Sunday in September.

— At a recent meeting of the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Mr. D. M. Smith, the assistant agent, was made agent to fill the place vacated by the recent resignation of Dr. R. J. Biggam, and Mr. Smith's place was filled by the election of Rev. A. J. Lamar, D. D., presiding elder of Mobile District, Alabama Conference, as assistant agent. The

publications of the Book Concern of our sister church will now bear the imprint of Smith & Lamar, Agents.

— Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., will preach at the noon hour in Tremont Temple on Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 7, and his subject will be, "The Message of Jesus to the World's Toilers." Rev. F. M. Lamb and H. W. Lambert will sing.

— Bishop Mallalieu is so much improved in health that he hopes to preside at the Iowa Conference at Muscatine, Sept. 9. He has been unusually besieged of late by requests for help in dedications and special services from many points in the church, and for contributions for leading magazines and papers.

— On Aug. 7, the people of Shore Acres and a few friends met at the summer home of Prof. and Mrs. J. H. Pillsbury, in recognition of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury were the recipients of a very beautiful present from the colony, and with it the wishes for a long and successful future.

— Though forbidden to covet, we fear that we violated the spirit of the command when we examined a blue print of the new model cottage of Dr. C. W. Rishell, which he has erected in Friendship, Me., for a summer home, and christened "Vistamont." In a note accompanying the photograph Dr. Rishell writes: "We have been very busy getting things in order, but the summer has been delightful."

— Rev. J. S. J. McConnell, D. D., recording secretary of the Board of Church Extension, died, Aug. 31, at Philadelphia, after a protracted illness. Dr. McConnell was until recently secretary for the Philadelphia Conference of the Twentieth Century Fund, in which capacity he was instrumental in raising \$1,710,000. He was 64 years old, and had long been a greatly useful and beloved member of the Philadelphia Conference.

— We learn from the New York *Advocate* of last week that Rev. Charles W. Drees, D. D., superintendent of our Porto Rico Mission, accompanied by Mrs. Drees, arrived in New York on the steamer "Coamo" on last Saturday. Dr. Drees is to speak before the Missionary Convention in Philadelphia in October, representing the progress of our missionary work in Latin America. He will be in attendance upon his former Conference (Cincinnati) at the celebration of the centennial of Cincinnati Methodism.

— A valued friend, not a Methodist, writes in high praise of a service which he attended at Cottage City last Sunday morning, saying: "Rev. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., Ph. D., pastor of Christ Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., who is well known at Cottage City, where he has for some years been prominently connected with the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute as one of its directors, preached an able, practical and thoroughly interesting sermon last Sunday in Union Chapel on the text, 'I go a-fishing.' Simon Peter's character and spirit were vividly portrayed, and many useful hints for daily living were offered."

BRIEFLETS

Five Bishops of our church — Andrews, Fowler, Goodell, Walden, and Fitzgerald — and over a hundred deaconesses held a conference at Ocean Grove, N. J., last week, resulting in recommendations which will be presented to the next General Conference as to modifications to be made in the work of the deaconesses.

The *Congregationalist* hints much more than it says in this brief editorial para-

graph: "You wish your own minister would preach right along as well as the man who stood in his place last Sunday. Perhaps the supply brought with him his company sermon."

Attorney General Gunter of South Carolina has made the suggestion that a law similar to that which provides that any person who fights or assists in a duel shall be deprived of the privilege of holding any office in the State should be extended to lynching, disfranchising all persons who engage in that now very contagious form of lawlessness. The anti-duelling law just mentioned is said to have practically put a stop to duelling in South Carolina. The full penalty for lynching would be, according to Justice Brewer and Professor James, the hanging of the lynchers for what is really murder. Disfranchisement, however, might be a part deterrent; and certainly, on the theory that voting is not a right, but a privilege, it is within the competence of a State to enforce that penalty on those who, disregarding laws, are not fit to vote for those who make laws.

The New York *Evening Post* is responsible for the following striking statement: "There are more saloons in the State of New York than in all the States south of the Ohio River and Pennsylvania, including Arkansas and Louisiana, the figures respectively being 34,000 and 27,000."

Charity is only a humiliation when it is undeserved or unrequited. It pushes down the recipient still lower than he was before. Men have been overwhelmed and submerged by too much, inconsiderate charity. It has proved to be the drowning millstone about their necks.

Some poet, with a gift for that questionable art of parody, has produced this effusion:

"Be strenuous, and let who will be clever,
Strike clashing blows, and shun them all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever —
One Chinese gong!!!"

The exclamation-marks are a part of the poetry — at least they are found in the original, from *Life*. The "gong" theory of existence is quite popular just now in many quarters, but a reaction is setting in. Some people are beginning to quote in rebuttal of the rushing-pushing conception of life those old-time words: "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

According to the *Christian Register* some Unitarian minister has been adopting practices with which we are quite too familiar: "One who has tried it confesses that wire-pulling done by a candidate for the ministry doesn't work. Well, we are glad of it. We might have told him so, and saved him the trouble."

The *Springfield Republican*, with its characteristic quality of truth-telling, begins an editorial upon "License at Work in Vermont," in these terms: "The high license, local option substitute for prohibition in the State of Vermont has not been working in harmony with the predictions or to the satisfaction of those who advocated the change. It seems to be generally admitted that there has been a great increase of drunkenness, of disorder and crime and of violations of the liquor laws." We warned the license advocates that the rum-sellers would not heed the restrictions

Continued on page 1132

Responsibility and Opportunity

THIS emergency appeal in behalf of our worn-out preachers and their families comes home to every Methodist layman, for it has been made necessary through the fault of one of their own number. It comes home to every Methodist preacher, for each such preacher has profited by the labors and sacrifices of the heroic men and women who preceded him in his fields. It comes home to every Methodist preacher's son, for this embezzler has brought dishonor upon the whole honorable class to which he belonged. It comes home to every Christian, for on Christian principles every sin of Christians against one another must be followed by vicarious sorrow and vicarious sacrifice on the part of the innocent in the total body, and can be made good in no other way whatsoever. It comes home to every truly honest man, for what better than a Pharisee and hypocrite would he be if, without contributing one smallest coin to relieve the distress now brought upon the wronged and helpless, he were to pass by on the other side simply muttering maledictions on the malefactor and ostentatiously professing the greatest humiliation, abhorrence and indignation in view of the crime.

But one thing is now to be thought of: The stolen fund must be replaced. It is entirely practicable. The classes above named owe it to themselves far more than they owe it to the superannuated preachers and their families. Let every man, woman and child that has professed horror at this act of Allen show by a devoutly self-measured gift how much of reality lies back of the profession. The result will more than replace the stolen fund. It will demonstrate afresh the blessedness of holy giving, and illustrate afresh the power of our Lord and Saviour to overcome evil with good. God be thanked for our inspiring leaders in this good work!

WILLIAM F. WARREN.

Hyannisport, Mass.

A Timely Message

THE following timely message emphasizes Rev. Dr. George S. Chadbourne's generous personal contribution to the cause, acknowledged last week: "I am sure that the hearts of our Conference claimants, and of all that large number who are in sympathy with them, were made glad by what they saw in the columns of the *HERALD* last week — the result of the efforts made to aid and comfort them in this time of their misfortune and distress. Surely this is the white light of the angelic and heavenly set over against the lurid blackness, the diabolic dishonor and cruelty, as seen in the conduct of W. S. Allen. Whatever of shame and disgrace may have come to Christianity and honest manhood by Allen's betrayal will be largely counteracted and overcome by this noble response to the appeal made for these greatest sufferers by the wrong act. By all means let this good work of restoration and help go on! I hope it will not stop until the last dollar of the sum stolen has been raised. Let us, ministers and laymen, put ourselves in the place of these needy and dependent claimants, and we cannot fall in our duty towards them."

Notes and Suggestions

— New England Conference Methodism is enthusiastically commended throughout the connection for its generous and heroic effort to restore the funds of the Preachers' Aid Society.

— New England Methodists propose that their veteran preachers shall not suffer through the conscienceless theft of their

Aid Society's funds by Willard S. Allen. A movement is on foot to make good the entire loss. — *Epworth Herald*.

— One of the young preachers of the Conference, in sending his personal pledge, adds: "Our church will give also."

— There is much preliminary work to be done in the churches in preparation for the special offering to be made, Sunday, Sept. 27. One of our most successful pastors, among the first to subscribe \$100, but away on his vacation, writes: "I am corresponding with my people, preparing the way for the great Sunday offering."

— To secure from individuals \$15,000, in the way the appeals have been made, is really remarkable, and shows, beyond question, that the whole amount desired can be raised if everybody among us will help according to ability.

— One of the ministers who pledges \$100 is past threescore years and ten, and has only \$500 in the savings bank. This case appeals to him so strongly that he gladly takes one-fifth of his savings and gives to his necessitous brothers, their widows and children. If all, ministers and laymen, gave like this, how long would it take to raise the entire fund?

— Rev. E. M. Antrim, of Trinity Church, proposed a month of self-denial for his parishioners at the service Sunday morning, to enable the church to raise \$1,000 toward the fund of the Preachers' Aid Society, whose treasury was totally depleted by the embezzlement of the Society's treasurer, Willard S. Allen. Individual members of the church have already pledged \$225 toward the desired amount, and self-denial envelopes were distributed to the congregation at the service yesterday and also in the Sunday-school, and these will be gathered up on Sunday, Sept. 27. — *Springfield Republican*.

Acknowledgments

Previously acknowledged from Higginson, Dennis and Magee, \$4,327.64

From Treasurer Dennis

Dr. C. E. Miles and Mrs. Miles,	\$600
Julia F. Dutton,	50
Frank E. Fitts,	5
	\$655

Pledges

Previously acknowledged,	\$6,535
William M. Flinders,	100
Horace B. Butler,	100
Edward Pierce,	25
A Friend,	10
	\$6,770

From Ministers

(Previously acknowledged, \$2,735.)	
Rev. Franklin Hamilton,	\$100
" J. W. F. Barnes,	100
" B. P. Bowne,	100
" H. W. Ewing,	100
" S. M. Dick,	100
" W. B. Toumin,	50
" E. L. Greene,	50
" Alfred Noon,	50
" J. D. Pickles,	50
" Geo. H. Cheney,	50
" E. J. Helms (\$25 for Morgan Memorial),	50
" G. F. Durgin,	50
" L. J. Birney,	50
" ———,	50
" A. Sanderson,	40
" A. P. Sharp,	25
" N. T. Whitaker,	25
" O. W. Hutchinson,	25
" A. H. Herrick,	25
" C. W. Holden,	25
" J. E. Lacount,	20
" L. L. Beeman,	10
" O. W. Scott,	10
" W. W. Bowers,	10
" F. M. Estes,	10
" J. H. Thompson,	10
" Wm. Full,	10
" F. W. Collier,	5
	\$1,200

Total amount pledged and given to Sept. 1, \$14,782.64

The Yellowstone National Park

REV. CLAUDIUS B. SPENCER, D. D.

Editor Central Christian Advocate.

YELLOWSTONE PARK is Nature's Rhapsody.

The wonderful, the unexpected, the entrancing, the beautiful, the fierce, the picturesque, the sublime, and all the moods and Titanic strength of Nature are gathered together here in a divine free rhapsody, as nowhere else on all this globe. As I begin writing this, months afterwards, I see afar in the distance Old Faithful Geyser, like a column of pearl, standing in the late summer afternoon against the emerald background of the pine-clad foothills. I see those hills billow away into the hundred peaks which rise like the spires of Gothic cathedrals against the cloudless blue. I shall carry that vision with me till I die. As I write, I am standing again by the brink where the Yellowstone Falls makes its leap; I have made my way alone; the sense of solitude deepens as I scramble along the path under rock and tree into the canyon. It is just noon, and the sun is pouring his unclouded light into the gorge, yellow and bright as gold. I can hear the diapason of the falls roaring up from their deep bed there beyond the white edge of the cataract. I have reached the brink, alone. Beneath, beside, above, beyond, is God. The yellow walls of the great canyon boring into the distance, stained like onyx with streaks as if with the colors of the sunset in stone, rise towering on high in the sunlight—such portals of the city as John saw. Alone, and from henceforth forevermore alone whenever I see myself, as then, there at that brink; and then, as now, the words come to my lips: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Yellowstone Park is the largest of all our national parks. As it now stands, the Park is about as large as four States of Rhode Island. Its floor, a vast glacial meadow, has an elevation of about 8,000 feet. Here are the head-waters of our greatest river, the Missouri-Mississippi, flowing clear and sparkling as crystal. The Firehole River, which drains the upper geyser basin, unites with the Gibbon to form the Madison, which, with the Jefferson and the Gallatin, come together a little outside Yellowstone Park and become and start the Missouri on its long course down its basin to the Atlantic Ocean. How many texts for sermons are in that Missouri River! As you cross the Continental Divide, but a few yards distant from the head-waters of the Missouri, you meet streams starting for the Pacific Ocean. A gust of wind will change the life-story of a drop of rain from the Atlantic as its goal to the Pacific. Is there any such thing as an insignificant or inconsequential event? The Yellowstone River drains 1,900 square miles of the Park. As it leaves the Park, near Livingston, Mont., it discharges 120,000 cubic feet a minute—a fine specimen of a mountain stream. The Missouri drains 730 square miles. The rest seeks the Pacific.

But it is high time for us to mount the stage and be off. Formerly the train stopped at Cinnabar, whither it thundered down from Livingston between mountains which bear abundant evidence of the great glaciers which hewed out the present bed of the Yellowstone. But the train now creeps around the bluff overhanging the river, and lands our car, taken over the Burlington at Kansas City, at Gardiner,

but a few hundred yards from the line of the reservation.

All aboard! The driver is drawing tight his lines; the four horses are taking their bits; our little baggage is strapped behind; the whip cracks, and, half in trot and half in gallop, we swing into the road to Wonderland. The Yellowstone River is left at once, and we shall not see it again for some days. The road bends to the right and strikes the Gardiner River, cut in its deep, abrupt channel. There begins at once the kaleidoscopic variety of wonders. On the other side of the river, where the high mountain wall closes in upon us, there is the Eagle's Nest on that point of the tall spire of precipitous rock; the eagle is flying about, and without difficulty the fluttering wings of the eaglets can be seen



REV. C. B. SPENCER, D. D.

above the mass of sticks which make the nest. Yonder is Boiling River, the subterranean outlet of the Mammoth Hot Springs, which shows its line of steam as it empties into the cold Gardiner. Men catch fish at the junction and flop the line into the Boiling River and cook the fish without changing their feet. Suddenly the road, rising 600 feet to the mile, swings out of the woods into the open. There is Fort Yellowstone—well kept, wide lawns, many buildings—and there are the Mammoth Hot Springs.

It is not an easy task to help the reader realize what these

Mammoth Hot Springs

are. They are unique in the Park, being impregnated with chalk rather than with silica. Imagine a series of terraces perhaps a half mile in circumference, of purest white, rising in great steps to an altitude of 300 feet. The terraces are so dazzling they hurt the eyes. A walk about the far end reveals another phase: here the terraces are now in process of building by the "building waters." The series of terraces rise in walls of stalactites of pipe-like substance, each terrace a basin filled with water of deep azure hue, which drips in tinkling cascades from terrace to terrace, beaded with coral and pearls, and is colored by a certain silk-like vegetable growth into every conceivable color, blended by an Artist who is more than man.

The hill is but the cone built by the springs which, long ages ago, issued from the steep mountain-side. Scramble up the terraces where the water no longer runs.

'Tis done. The top of the cone is a platform of white, chalky, minute crystals; it is a few acres in size; the white substance yields to our boot like putty or very soft asphalt. We approach the spring. It is a great pool. And no sky was ever bluer. Turquoise would be jealous of that spring. Steam rises even in the warm air. You press to the edge; the water is but an inch or so below the level; the steam blows in your face; caution prevents your reaching more than the tip of your finger into the pool. Walking about, you will see dead craters of dead springs—many of them—and in them you will read the death-warrant of the Mammoth Spring; the white travertine will be its monument, as Liberty Cap is the monument of the spring which built it—and died. But wait a moment. If these springs are building their own monuments, are not Nature, the streams, the volcanoes, the geologic ages, mankind, ever doing the same? How poor and uninteresting are the monuments—little, big—other men build for us! They make one laugh! When will we have done being grotesque?

It is on in the afternoon now. We mount the stage; the fine Government road which Uncle Sam has fixed up for his relatives is taken near the top of the Mammoth Springs cone, and we are off at a rattling gait. Three miles away we pass through Hoodoo Gulch—acres of enormous limestone slabs standing on their heads, leaning over or falling flat, gruesome under the moonlight, like sheeted ghosts trooping down the mountain-side and staring you in the face. There is Silver Gate, and a mile farther that fine piece of engineering, the Golden Gate Pass, built of concrete by Lieutenant Kingman some years ago, with Rustic Falls and the Gardiner River some hundred feet below. A few minutes later we have subjugated this steep mountain road, and at 1,255 feet above Mammoth Hot Springs, only four miles distant, and a mile and a half above sea-level, we swing into a beautiful level glacial meadow of several square miles, green with verdure and cut by one of the many streams. The grass has but little depth of earth. Close to the surface are the dead lava levels which the glaciers once scoured and planed to their present level. Uncle Samuel is spending his appropriation fixing the road across these "meadows," and it is plain to see that the volcanic rocks are concealed by only a very thin veneer of soil for the grass.

Around this great basin rise the foothills, and, far beyond, the majestic bulks and spires of the snowy mountains. It was a sublime panorama in the purple sunset. As the mountains were round about Jerusalem, these vaster peaks—and the same Lord—were round about us on every hand. As twilight came on, the stage entered the pines and firs, and later the afterglow found us at Willow Park, the first of the permanent camps of the Wylie Camping Company. A good supper, a good bed, and the fragrant breath of the pines to sing us to sleep, awaited us.

The new day brought new experiences. Four miles up is Obsidian Cliff, a wall-like cliff, hundreds of feet high, crowded out of the mountain into Beaver Lake, the dam of which may still be distinctly seen at the end of the lake. Obsidian is volcanic glass, black as coal. The Indians used it for making arrow heads, and we advise any who seek a specimen to beware the glass slivers. This cliff shouldered

into the impassable lake. Col. Norris reports to the Government (1878) that inasmuch as the glass mountain was impervious to the drill, he hit upon the plan of building huge fires thrown down the face of the cliff, and then "men well screened by blankets held by others, dashed cold water and suddenly cooled and fractured the large masses." With much laceration of



Upper Falls of Yellowstone

hands and face the road was built, the only road of native glass probably in the world.

Three miles farther is Roaring or Burning Mountain. In the frosty morning it presented a strange sight. From a hundred vents steam was rising, and if one was attentive and the morning wind was right, he could hear distinctly the low moan of the mountain as if in pain. When we returned past this mountain, it was in the hot afternoon, and, like some of the little steam vents we afterwards noted in the Upper Basin, no steam was visible, though if you put your hand over the little hole, perhaps no bigger than a quarter or a half dollar, it would burn.

Ah! See! Steam yonder in the trees! Sound as of a hurricane! It is hard to be patient. Suddenly the stage swings up and over a little knoll. There is the big hotel; and there is the Norris Geyser Basin.

It is a fit introduction to

Geyser-land.

It is well worth the journey to see. The geysers are about equal to those of Iceland and New Zealand, though the Strokkur of Iceland exceeds the throw of the Monarch by sixty-two feet. We shall yet behold wonders and tremble as we behold. But even here the sounds, explosions, clouds of steam, the white wet pavements, almost trembling under the foot, and seeming to shake over the awful subterranean thunders, make one shiver a little. For some time we bent over the fissure out of which the Hurricane, shrieking like a terrific storm, sends its cloud of steam. Day and night that roaring and the cloud of steam from the big steam vent never cease. Will it ever cease? The Black Growler, another steam vent, is by the roadside; he can be heard a mile by day and several miles at night. The guide book states that

the path to the Constant Geyser is unsafe for pedestrians, but we did not find it at all so. It is a little thing, dancing and singing at intervals of about sixty seconds—a flash, a patter of rain, and it is gone. Here are the Monarch Geyser, the Mud Geyser, the Congress and the Twentieth Century, which first erupted in January, 1902.

All aboard! Time waits! Perhaps if we push on the reins, we may reach the Upper Basin in time to see the Giant perform. Underlying all thoughts is this: "Has the Giant gone off?" The telephone brings word that he is due, but that he is capriciously keeping himself still asleep, though his sleep is nervous and irritated. Oh, to see him in his sublime wrath! The kodak is liberally in evidence as the stage moves along the Gibbon River, through the Gibbon Meadows, which the Ice Age kindly provided for man and beast, into the Gibbon Canyon at the foot of Mt. Schurz, on which are some dying geyser cones. Steam-vents hiss and sing as we pass. We eat our dinner in a beautiful colony of wayside tents, pitch a game of quoits, and see our first bear, who comes snooping

table-land to the pool. We are studying the grape like clusters of deposits which form the coral-like basins of numberless tiny pools, when, w-h-i-s-h, away goes the Fountain Geyser, and only by a good run do we have drops, and not a shower. The eruption continues ten minutes in fearful spasmodic impulses, and lo! there is a flutter of steam, and the pool, blue as the azure sky, is tranquil and motionless as glass. Again we ask the guide: "Do you believe that the Giant has gone off?" Sometimes it seems as if we could hear him across all the miles, bursting forth from his great crater in furious wrath, the thunderstorms bellowing beneath the earth, smiting his roots and driving him in the great pillar of water—millions of gallons—two hundred feet high.

It is near here that the names Firehole Basin and Firehole River originate. One of the hundreds of bottomless pools which we have not yet described, at the upper end of the valley, has a weird phenomenon. It is a huge hot spring. From the bottom of it constantly flashes what seems to be a huge pale flame, only to be extinguished as it nears the surface. The illusion is perfect. It suggests the hidden fires under the crust of the earth. It is very realistic. But it is only an illusion, caused by gas or superheated steam dividing the water as do bubbles on a smaller scale. The walls of the bottomless pool are dead black, which makes the contrast more striking.

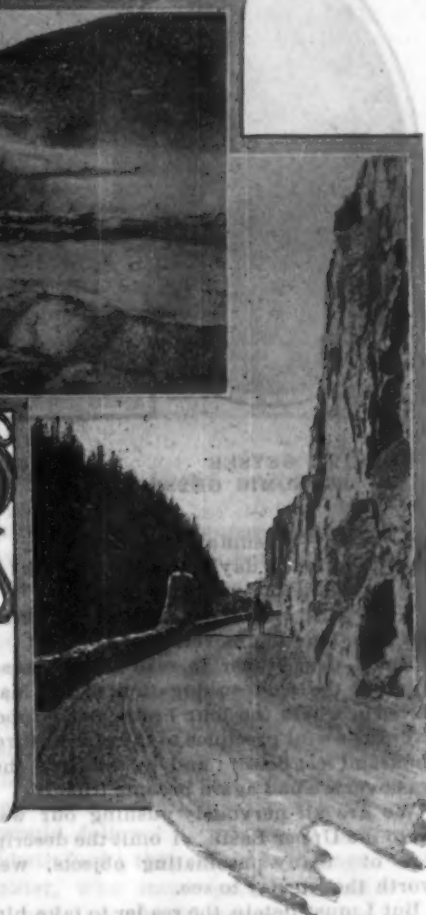


MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

down towards the meat and cookies behind the tents. Beryl Spring is boiling violently. Gibbon Falls, a series of cascades, is seen from a road hanging to the side of the cliff above the foaming stream. Presently we begin the descent over a little neck of mountain from which one may see the foreheads of the Tetons, those sublime sentinels of Wyoming and Idaho, known to trappers from the good old days of the first Astor, and drop down to where, singing as it dances along its bed, is the Firehole River, outlet of the great geyser basins.

Fording, an hour later, the Nez Percé Creek—name connected with bloody history—we entered the Lower Geyser Basin, covering thirty square miles. Here is the big Fountain Hotel, and 500 yards away, in plain view, the white geyserite plain—glistening white and sloping towards the distant river where the Fountain Geyser plays every four hours.

Our little party dismounts near the Fountain, and strolls over the little white



GOLDEN GATE

Near the Fountain Geyser, too, are the Mammoth Paint Pots.

One of the characteristic features of the Lower or Firehole Basin. The big, irregular caldron contains mud of paint-like consistency, which is ever boiling, and sometimes exploding in puffs which cause the mud to open like exquisitely tinted

lilies. The guide relates how two women lost their lives in the Paint Pots. We would not wish to seem unmindful of the tragedy, but we cannot help asking if such fatalities are common among women.

Years ago I was going into Yosemite Valley. The stage stopped over night at Wawona, where the great painter of Yosemite and the Yellowstone had his summer studio. The next morning a lady sat in the seat in front of me. Discussing Wawona, it leaked out that she, too, was

which are peculiar to these hot springs stain the walls of this lake in every tint until they disappear in the depths. From the brink flow the tiniest rivulets, which, evaporating, make the coral-like, grape-like, lace-like formations, hard as flint, which accompany all true geysers and hot springs. Indeed, I may say that this silicious deposit is necessary to a geyser. A deposit of lime and chalk like that at the Mammoth Hot Springs could not stand the lateral pressure of the explosion of a geyser. This silica makes a smooth, irregular pipe, as it were, from the far depths, and is the principal mineral ingredient in all the geysers and pools. Turquoise Spring, 100 feet in diameter, is also on this platform of Excelsior Geyser and Prismatic Lake, and is well worth hanging over to observe the beauty of its coloring.

But let us set off. It is yet a half dozen miles to the Upper Basin. The horses take their bits at the crack of the whip. The road runs along picturesque scenery, which rests the mind and prepares it for the sudden start it will presently receive.

It is sunset. The purple and gold banners are flung from the high peaks in the far away west. The sun bursts through the lower cloud-banks. We swing to the

Oh, well! As I lingered around that crater ever and again during several days, as I saw the seething water boil and heave and surge in it, I felt repaid, though I shall hope to go again and await its long explosion. It is very irregular, however, and but few see it. Its eruptions continue with terrible violence for from sixty to ninety minutes, throwing millions of gallons into the air. What a caldron there must be down in those far-away chambers, where Vulcan blows his bellows, forges his thunders, and throws up, rigid and erect, booming and hissing, these columns of water! Indeed, perfectly incomprehensible must that intricate network of water-works be which feeds the sixty-seven geysers of Yellowstone Park, of which some spout every minute, and from that to fourteen days.

In the frosty air of early morning the Upper Basin has a multitude of swaying steam spectres rising from the hot pools and from the geysers throwing their white columns on high in the mystery of the dawn.

I shall not describe the geysers. I saw seven erupt — a few of them several times. Old Faithful, bless the name! I kept time



BEEHIVE GEYSER
ECONOMIC GEYSER



GIANT GEYSER
MORNING GLORY SPRING

an artist — presumptively. Wishing to pass the time of day, I ventured to ask:

"Do you paint yourself?"

I am still endeavoring to recover from the look I got in answer.

But I begged her to read aloud the account of the first subjugation of the Matterhorn, where the four brave men slipped over the awful precipice to the glacier three thousand feet below; and by the time that was over we had again become friends.

We are all nervously pushing our way on to the Upper Basin. I omit the description of many fascinating objects, well worth the journey to see.

But I must detain the reader to take him across the little foot-bridge to Hell's Half Acre, as the Excelsior Geyser is now known. It is a gruesome crater, 300 by 200 feet, jagged, torn, bottomless, terror-striking. What must it have been in the days of its power, when the column of water, 50 feet in diameter, rose at times to the enormous height of 250 feet! Since 1888 it has remained inactive. A few feet from it is Prismatic Lake. The growths

right across the Firehole River and find gathered about the banks a large company. The little indicator which sputters and spurts a few inches when the Riverside is about to go off is much agitated.

"Away she goes." This geyser alone in the Upper Basin spouts obliquely across the Firehole, and, as usual, it presents us with a cloud of steam on which the sun paints a great rainbow as its last good-night. Yes, this is God's world.

A few yards away is the grotesque cone of the Grotto Geyser, and a few yards farther rises the great broken chimney of the Giant.

"The Giant! Has it gone off?"

"Yes; it went off a little after midnight. The moon had gone down an hour before. We heard the thunders; but those who dressed and ran to see it could but dimly see the top of the pillar of water. The most of the people did not leave their beds."

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER

by my watch, and, whether near or far, turned to see him make his initial spurt as if about to call attention to his performance, and then lift his form on high for several minutes, and sink gracefully down to his deep, deep lair in the depths.

Next to the Giant in majesty is the Castle Geyser. It stands aloot, away across the river, on a high white platform it has built for itself through the ages; and, looked at in front, it has terraces and portholes like parapets and portholes. One afternoon I lingered for hours, alone, about this silent and impressive monster. I climbed its sides and peered into its depths. The water was boiling as it in rage. The grape and coral formations were equal to the

most delicate Greek art. Several geysers went off in the distance; Old Faithful, a mile away, with precise regularity lifted his alabaster spire. Nearer stretches the meadow; nearer still one little army post; yonder, near Old Faithful, the row of soldiers' cottages; about me, silence. I scrambled down from the cone and stretched myself for a nap in the warm sunshine. After awhile I awoke, and presently clambered up the crater and got on a knee over the rim to watch the seething mass. I was just there when—away it went. It hit my clothes and face. I gave three jumps down the crater, and by a nimble use of my legs was soon out of the way of the torrent now falling apparently out of the sky. Away it went! Up and down! Breaking into a furious rain! Up and down! Bellowing and flinging vast masses of steam. When, a half-hour later, the column of water ceased, the steam blew its horn with fury for another half-hour, roaring and bellowing as if the thunders of the Furies who heat the fires of

Reader, try to see this canyon alone. By all means see it at noon. First of all, see it from the brink of the falls; wait; quiet yourself; wait; forget yourself; wait; let the vision surge in; wait; and tell me if there, amid the deep, diapason song of the cataract, the golden walls, the countless spires and pinnacles, the crimson stains, the blue, the glory, you do not stand face to face with the walls of Paradise. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Sunday night this writer was prevailed upon to preach. In the open, surrounding a camp-fire of blazing pine logs, the sparks fluttering like fire-flies, the new moon dipping to the western pines, the geysers but a few yards away, after songs of the homeland, he preached. His theme, under the special circumstances, was "Working as

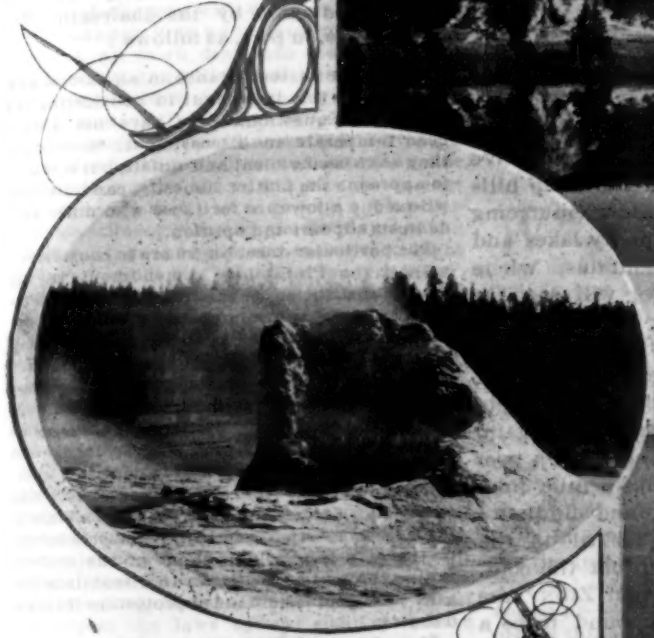
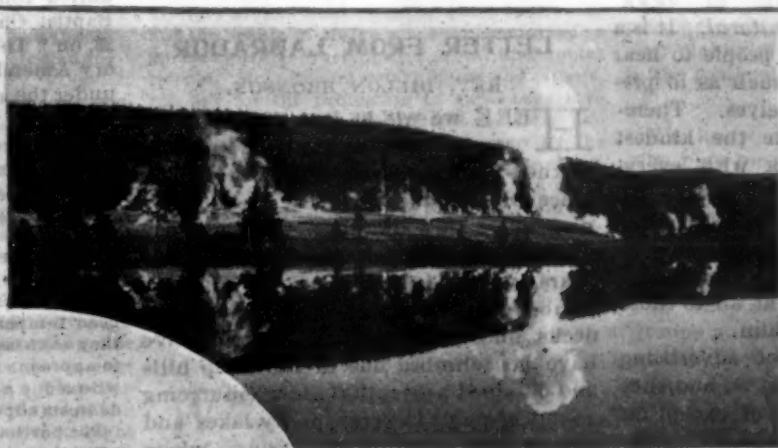
There is no limit to what, if we too strive, we some day, somewhere, shall be, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

FILL UP THE SEATS

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

DURING my fifty-seven years of ministerial life and labor, there is one place in which I have never been able to do any good and that is in an *empty pew*. If any gospel-seed chanced to light there, there was no more hope of a harvest than if corn were flung out upon yonder stone pavements.

Empty pews often have a voice of their own; they cry out in solemn testimony against the church members who are not in them, but who ought to be there. Per-



CRATER OF THE GIANT

hell were rising up to tell man what powers and what wrath Nature has—and how insignificant is man!

It was there in the twilight, as I turned my back to see him no more, that Old Faithful, afar on the horizon, sent up the column of pearl standing against the emerald foothills.

Yellowstone Lake is nineteen miles distant. It has 136 square miles. We set sail at the Thumb, noting a man yonder trying to catch fish from the lake and switch his line over into the hot pool and cook it, without changing his feet. From the deck of the little steamer we see Mts. Sheridan, Hancock and the Sleeping Giant (so named from the likeness of the sierra to a human face) yonder in the purple distance. We see the buffalo, elk and antelope on the island. Quilts and stories close the day in the Wylie tents.

The next day we have the cool, bracing drive along the Yellowstone River, with wild fowl, pelicans, bear, deer; the tranquil, beautiful Hayden Valley; the Mud Volcano (repulsive in its deep, precipitous, dismal cavern, always in torment, always surging, and the smoke of its torment ascendeth forever and ever); the Sulphur Mountain forever burning; the Upper Falls of the Yellowstone; and—the great climax—the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

MORNING IN THE UPPER BASIN

FISHING AND COOKING AT YELLOWSTONE LAKE

God Works." He had three points of view: How God worked in the making and the voices of Yosemite Valley—its majestic walls hewn by the snow-flake, by insignificance itself, by the little nothings braided together in vast potentiality, when animated by a great impulse—the glacier-sculptured Yosemite; the Grand Canyon of Arizona, its terror, its pain, its effort ever renewed as the Colorado River, in its perpetual twilight and darkness, bores its way at last out into calm and smiling expanses of water, with willows kissing it and cattle standing in it and children playing on its broad shores, as it seeks in its old age in tranquillity the ocean—eternity; and this Yellowstone—the effort of these geysers to mount on high—high—higher than ever, and the moans and almost shrieks with which they go back in failure to their depths, to come forth and try once more, and try only again to fall. Is there no better for us? Is there no other chance? Shall we not one day, some time, somewhere, fill out the full measure of a man, a son of God? Yes!

haps one reason why the professed Christians stay away from God's house is the state of the weather. Yet on Monday I have noticed that these same men do not find it too hot, or too cold, or too wet, for them to go to their business, or for these women to go to the market or out shopping. In cases where Christians live at some distance from their own church, let them, on a stormy Sabbath, attend the nearest evangelical church. Three good results would follow: They would get their Sabbath food; they would encourage the minister, who must preach in all weather; and they would promote unity between the churches. The simple fact is that much of the blame for thin congregations—in all kinds of weather—lies on the members of the church themselves.

There is no denying that the fault may sometimes be charged to the mistakes of the minister. He does not take the right course to attract people to the sanctuary

— and of course to draw them to Jesus Christ. What people really want — whether they are rich or poor, cultured or illiterate — is to be interested, to be instructed, and to be helped. Even sheep come to know where they are salted or fed. In order to fill up empty pews some ministers resort to various sensational devices in the pulpit or in the music-loft. Such devices have no permanent value. Like the use of alcoholic stimulants, there must be an increase in the dose, and final reaction to weakness is sure to follow. A warm-hearted, zealous, industrious pastor, who carefully prepares practical and helpful sermons, and who maintains thorough pastoral visitation, is likely to have his church well filled on the Sabbath. He works seven days in the week.

I emphasize the word *pastoral*. It is a minister's business to get people to hear his gospel messages, as much as to prepare the messages themselves. Therefore he ought to cultivate the kindest relations during the week with everybody he meets. He ought to take an interest in every one. Much of a successful minister's power is *heart-power*. A pastor can do but little good to those who don't like him, and none at all to those who will not come to hear him.

The increasing custom of advertising "topics" in order to attract an audience is one that I don't approve of except on some very special and extraordinary occasions. It was not my custom to advertise topics while I was a settled pastor; and now when I go away to preach in any pulpit and am asked, "What will be your theme?" my reply is: "I will try to preach the Gospel." Such permanently successful men in attracting congregations as Spurgeon, Newman Hall, Kirk, Bishop Simpson, John Hall, Albert Barnes, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Tyng and Dr. Addison Alexander did not need to tell the public on Saturday evening what their gospel message would be on the Sabbath.

The richest, most eloquent, and soul-converting sermons commonly cannot be "ticketed" by an advertised topic. Just imagine some impertinent "scribe" coming to our blessed Lord before His Sermon on the Mount, and asking Him what His topic was to be! It is the chief business of a wise spiritual and soul-winning minister to preach God's texts, and not his own "topics." The temptation in these days to underrate God's all-comprehensive and all-glorious Word, and to lug into the pulpit all sorts of "themes," is increased by this unhappy custom of advertising the themes from the pulpit or the press. "*Preach My Word!*" That is our divine commission, and to do it faithfully and earnestly and lovingly is our best advertisement.

As it is the duty of the pastor to draw people to the sanctuary by all legitimate methods, so is it equally the duty of the members of the church to do the same thing. During a political campaign it is the custom of every active partisan to urge his neighbors to come and hear the orators and advocates of his party. Shall Christ's followers be less anxious to have their neighbors converted to the truth and by the truth? I am confident that if church-members not only made their

religion more attractive to "outsiders," but were more anxious to invite them to God's house, thousands who are now outside of the sanctuary would be brought in and brought to the Saviour also.

Empty seats in the temples of God mean empty hearts! They mean homes emptied of true evangelical religion. They mean Sabbath-desecration and soul destruction. They mean spiritual death. Fill up the seats by filling the pulpit with godly zeal and sympathy for the poor and the perishing and the faithful preaching of the crucified Christ! And let all the members of the church co-operate with the pastor in getting rid of the sorrow and the shame of empty pews in the house of the Living God!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

LETTER FROM LABRADOR

REV. DILLON BRONSON.

HERE we are at last, after a rough voyage and much fog and seasickness, anchored at our first calling place in Labrador, where there is nothing now but a tiny hut, but where we can picture a thriving whaling town in a few years, which is to be begun with the lumber that has filled our hold and decks since we left Newfoundland. We have just climbed one of the steep hills and obtained a beautiful view, embracing a score of noble icebergs, pretty lakes and moss-covered granite mountains, where some enterprising Yankee will soon be staking out "city lots."

As soon as we have discharged our lumber here, we go on westward, making about forty calls, and in five days reaching Nain, when we turn south again. Imagine my surprise, on entering a poor little fisherman's hut about a mile from our landing place today, and finding a copy of ZION'S HERALD tacked on the side of the house to keep out the cold. Even back numbers of "our ZION" are useful. The house-wife I found to be a devout Methodist, who told me sadly of the failure in this summer's fishing, and remarked, as I assured her it would be better farther on: "Yes, 'twill be better when we all get home."

In Newfoundland we found about half the adult population members of our church, and I fancy the proportion of Methodists on this sparsely-settled coast of Labrador is greater. In St. John's, which is beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole province, we visited Gower St. Church, one of the sights of the city, beautiful enough to be placed on the souvenir postal cards. How few Methodist churches there are that have attained such distinction! We spent four delightful days at St. John's, marred only by the fearful drunkenness and abuse of cab horses which are to be seen every Regatta Day (first Wednesday in August), when nearly all restraints seem to be removed. We were recipients of the royal hospitality of Hon. H. J. B. Woods, postmaster general of Newfoundland (accent last syllable), and brother of two esteemed members of the New England Conference. Mr. H. A. Morine, general passenger agent of the Reid Newfoundland Company, showed us special courtesies, and we advise any New Englanders thinking of taking this tour to write Mr. Morine

at St. John's (remembering postage is five cents) for pamphlets and particulars. We are living on the steamer (total expenses less than \$3 each per day), and I am none too warm with two suits of winter underwear, cardigan jacket, etc.

Will write soon again about this coast and the Moravian missions and Esquimaux.

Antel's Cove, near Battle Harbor.

EX-GOVERNOR LONG ON RESUBMISSION

THE Hon. John D. Long is now at his summer home in Buckfield, Maine, and, on the invitation of Rev. E. E. Abercrombie, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he delivered an address to the united congregations of the town in the Baptist Church, Sunday evening, August 23, on "The Resubmission of the Prohibitory Amendment." The meeting was held under the auspices of the local W. C. T. U. Rev. Mr. Turner, pastor of the Baptist Church, presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. Eleanore Forbes, of Gray. After a brief introduction by the chairman, Mr. Long spoke, in part, as follows:

We believe in temperance in all things, and especially in this important in considering the temperance question. Men have not always been temperate in discussing it. Sometimes they have been violent and unfair, but it is best to approach the matter honestly, candidly, and with a due allowance for those who differ with us in standpoint and opinion.

The particular question we are to consider is: "Shall the Prohibitory Amendment to the State Constitution be Resubmitted to the People?" It is of some importance to notice how these laws originated. I can remember hearing men tell of the time when liquor was sold in the grocery as freely as molasses, and at the same time the missionary and the cargo of rum were carried to the islands of the sea in the same vessel. When liquor was sold so freely and without restraint, the effect upon this community was something to be regretted. Men wandering home from the village in a state of intoxication were frozen by the roadside in two or three instances, and some of the traders, noting the evil effect, began to discontinue the sale. The people demanded protection from its dangers.

There is a great deal of human nature in this world, and men have been known to change their opinions on the temperance question. I remember one man who lived on the border of the town between Buckfield and Turner who was well known to be a hard drinker, but after a time he redeemed himself and became an active and successful worker for temperance. On the other hand, some who have been active for temperance have become the victims of appetite and fallen under the influence of liquor.

Prohibition ought not to be a party question, though it always will be a political question, in the highest sense of pertaining to government.

It is well to bear in mind when you hear arguments for resubmission who are the parties that are asking for the repeal of these laws — not the temperance organization, not the churches, not the private citizens of the State, who feel that their rights are being so endangered by these laws that they must ask for their repeal. You know that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor is a very large and profitable business. The men who have their capital in it and those who are employed by it can afford, as in the case of any other business involving large profits, to spend large amounts of money and exert a strong influence to remove every barrier to the extension of their trade. This is natural — it is to be expected. We may deplore the greed for gain, the race to be rich, but it is this same eager desire to improve your own condition and command the power that comes from wealth that is seen in other kinds of business. Without it there would not be the business energy that has made the American nation what it is. But it is well to bear in mind that it is men outside the State of Maine, the brewers, the distillers of

New York and Boston and Portsmouth, N. H., who are seeking for the extension of their business; and a large number of men dependent on them by employment are in sympathy with them because of the profit they receive. The railroads carrying their freight, the expressmen, are all working for their private interests. We must say to them that we cannot afford to sacrifice the public welfare to their private interests.

The newspaper press is a mighty power in these days, and what we read in the newspaper comes to us with authority; but you must remember that the newspaper is conducted for profit, and the liquor business is a very large advertiser. It is but natural that the editors should lean toward the interests of their patrons.

The tourists come here in great numbers. Our State offers them incomparable attractions, and some of them, especially the wealthy ones accustomed to the use of liquor, find our prohibition an annoyance. But we furnish a good deal to them in our hills and lakes, our woodlands and other natural attractions, without sacrificing the safety of our homes and the welfare of the people to save them a little annoyance.

There are toppers, patrons of the saloon, who want the law repealed. The moderate drinker who takes a little now and then, or can leave it alone, he doesn't care anything about it; but the drunkard, the man with an appetite, is in danger; he knows it as well as any one else, and if you can get down deep into the heart of the man, I think you will find that he does not ask to have the door to ruin open any wider.

Then there is the doctrinaire — I refer to him with all respect — the man who comes through the State and stops in Portland and Bangor or some other large cities, and because he sees liquor openly sold there, he says: "Prohibition is a failure; prohibition does not prohibit; the law is not enforced, and therefore it ought to be repealed." But we in Maine know better. Prohibition is not a failure; the law is enforced — not perfectly, there are violations of it, but that is true of every other criminal law. Do you mean to tell me there is no gambling, no prostitution, no embezzlement, in the State? There are laws against all these, and every time we take up a newspaper we find instances of their being violated. Sometimes the criminal is detected and punished, but not all of them. You would be surprised to know how large a proportion of murderers, thieves and embezzlers escape just punishment of their crimes. Sometimes even the officers of a bank will shield the criminal and themselves bear the loss rather than sacrifice his family. Shall we repeal the laws against stealing because some thieves escape? I take the *Oxford Democrat* because it gives the news from Buckfield. I read the court news, and I see that a large part of our court business in South Paris is made up of prosecutions for violations of the liquor law and very seldom is there failure to convict and visit the proper penalty.

There is another inducement for the repeal of the prohibitory law that is sometimes advanced — the claim that by a license fee considerable revenue may be obtained for the support of the Government, and the taxes relieved by just that amount; but this is the most illusory of all claims for repeal, for the extra expense made necessary by the saloon more than consumes the income of the license fees. Where there is license you have drunkenness and disorder, a larger police force is necessary, the cost of court and witness fees is increased, and especially the expense for the care of paupers, so that it always results, whatever the income from license fees, that there is an increase of the tax rate; but with prohibition there is a lower tax rate. In Massachusetts, where I have been familiar with the statistics, eighty-five per cent. of all the criminal cases were attributable to the effect of intoxicating liquor. In the city of Quincy, near Hingham, when they had the licensed saloon there was a high tax rate, and when prohibition was established a lower tax rate followed.

Other States have repealed their prohibitory laws — it is seldom that prohibition has remained for long the established policy of any State. But Maine is not given to following the precedents of other States, she is able to follow out a policy of her own. She is not like other States; they do not raise a crop of ice as we do, and we do not need to follow the example of South Carolina in raising cotton.

Prohibition has done away with the temperance lecturer. Why not follow the old method of moral suasion instead of law compulsion — have a temperance lecturer come around once in awhile and get up a revival enthusiasm that will die out in a little while after he is gone? The temperance lecturer did a good work and is still doing it — we have need of him yet; but you will notice that the man who wants you to depend on the temperance lecturer is the same one who used to make fun of him and oppose his work.

Why have the law in the constitution? Why not make it statutory or optional with the particular towns concerned? The repeal of the amendment is the entering wedge for the surrender of principle. It would remove protection of our homes from the most destructive and insidious danger that has assailed us. Where local option has been granted and "no license" has been once obtained, there is a perpetual contest and turning back and forward, from license one year to no-license the next and then license again. The repeal of the prohibitory amendment would be a step backward, and the people of Maine are not accustomed to go backward in questions of moral and social reform. Mothers and sisters, wives and fathers, too, ask for the protection of those they love from this terrible and pathetic danger. The settled policy of the State, supported by the sober common sense of the rural communities, has decreed that the saloon shall be an outlaw; and I do not believe that the good people of the State will ever allow the prohibitory amendment to be repealed.

NEW YORK LETTER

"HOLLAND."

WHAT a contrast there is between the way the preacher of the bygone days and the up-to-date preacher put in their leisure or holiday seasons! The busy preacher of fifty years ago hardly knew what a vacation was. He pounded steadily ahead fifty-two Sundays in the year, and occasionally for fifty-three. The truth of the matter is that the families of his church seemed to know no more about a vacation than did their preacher. None of them seemed to feel any need of it in those sturdy old days. I am not sure that they were any more stalwart or brawny than are the lively people of our nimble period. The real secret of the matter probably lies coiled up in this thought that they did not crowd things along their special lines as do we all in our strenuous day. In a large measure they took their vacation as they went along, and did not need a special vacation in which to tone up. Now we push the machinery so hard that the vacation is an absolute necessity for all. We must unship and slow up or smash the machinery. So today the summer vacation is just as much a fixed institution as Memorial Day or Labor Day. A goodly number of people take their vacation at home because they cannot afford to take it elsewhere. They dress loosely, do little housekeeping, take an occasional trolley ride or trip by a cheap boat, and at the end of their week or two of vacation they report for duty at their place of labor quite a good deal rested and refreshed.

Quite a goodly company of our fortunate brothers who serve the silk-stocking churches have gorgeous and elaborate vacations that stretch out in spacious style from eight to ten weeks. The prayer-meeting and Sunday-school are sometimes disbanded till about nutting time in the autumn, and some good brother for a feeble consideration supplies the few good people who cannot get out of town with stated and steady preaching on Sunday mornings. One would think that when that talented pastor returned from the seaside or mountain resort with the early frost his work would be quite a good deal on the resurrection order. They would certainly

need a great and rousing fall rally in order to line up for the work of the autumn.

Most of our preachers in good medium churches usually get the month of August as their rest season. And with most of them it is wisely spent in open-air life. They row in boats on river and lake, and fish and swim, and take long walks over hillside and dale. How much better for a brain worker is this than to go to a fashionable summer resort, keep dressed to kill from morning till night, and simply sit around in the shade and read and chat and gossip galore. Most of the preachers who really have worked themselves weary by the time summer is well on need pretty vigorous out-door exercise. Jerky nerves sleep well lying on the cushion of tired muscles. It is most absurd to drop into a lazy corner among dawdling people and yawn and doze all of the vacation time away in idleness. Such self-deceived preachers come back to the fall work with very flabby muscles, and are soon halting in the battle of life.

We know of some sensible preachers who plan for a party of wheelmen who go on long exploring trips to historic points or romantic scenes, and refresh the mind by what they see and learn, and make good solid, honest muscle by propelling themselves along scores of miles of fascinating and inspiring roads. Other congenial groups go to camp in the wilderness, and catch fish, pick berries, and rough it generally. They eat like savages, sleep like logs, tramp like Indians, and make good red blood by the pailful. Occasional preachers go to live on a farm and do a good deal of pretty heavy farm labor, and by the latter end of August they are as rugged and firm of flesh as a veritable son of the soil. How different is the feeling of such a man, when he returns to his church in the early September, from the limp emotions of a clerical dawdler who, cased in white duck, has spent his listless and uneventful hours on the shady piazza of some pretentious hotel! How it does help a preacher of the Word to get real close to the warm heart of dear old Mother Nature!

And it does seem to us that every preacher should fish occasionally. Just a few days ago we read for the first time that quaint and finely flavored little book, "Fishin' Jimmy." Let me see! Dr. Van Dyke didn't write it, did he? [No. Annie Trumbull Slosson. — *EL. HERALD*] But it is so much like his out-of-door books that we wonder why he didn't write it. At any rate, he could have written it. I can but think that Jimmy had the right end of the fish-line in his fingers when he said that the people who loved to fish could get a little closer to our Lord Jesus, and comprehend His blessed teachings a little more easily and fully, than anybody outside of the circle of fishermen. How wonderfully one of us preachers can learn about his divine art as he attends faithfully to his fishing. In no other atmosphere can "patience have her perfect work" as in this mysterious and interesting realm. And how keen become one's powers of attention and observation! How heightened become all of our faculties as we attend strictly to business! We soon learn to note and weigh carefully all of the signs that affect the craft and its skillful victory. And what a delightful environment and congenial frame of mind one is in for conversation! How dispassionately we have this summer, in the company of boon comrades, discussed the amusement question, our probationer system, the time limit, and the next lot of bishops! No such speeches will be made at Los Angeles next May as

Continued on page 1124

THE FAMILY

DREAM ARGOSIES

DWIGHT KEMPTON.

Lazily drifting through untracked seas,
Freighted with wishes, and laden deep
With the fabric of dreams and with sweet
nervease

That we spin in our fancy ere waited to
sleep;

Ploughing dreamily through the blue,
Where'er they list — and back again —
Like ghosts fleet-footed when men pursue,
Sail the cloud-ships for castles in Spain.

Racked and riven by summer breeze,
Torn and tattered by gust and gale,
Jettisoning cargo where'er they please,
As they send in haste or as nautilus sail —
What care they of our ventured dreams,
Of the freight we give them, of wishes
vain?

Their charts mark not the pulsing streams
That lave the walls of our castles in
Spain.

So blow, ye zephyrs, and waft them
straight

O'er the trackless sea to the distant shore
Where dreams come true, and where har-
bors wait,

Without rock, or bar, or breakers' roar —
Waft them straight through the filmy mist,
Hasten their sending, then back again,
O'er sky-sea blue by the sun rays kissed,
To carry us also to castles in Spain.

Boston, Mass.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Is thy life-summer passing?
Think not thy joys are o'er!
Thou hast not seen what autumn
For thee may have in store.
Calmer than breezy April,
Cooler than August blaze,
The fairest time of all may be
September's golden days.
Press on, though summer waneth,
And falter not, nor fear,
For God can make the autumn
The glory of the year.

— Frances Ridley Havergal.

Each mind is a mason. The humblest
fills his hole, or places his stone. — Victor
Hugo.

At least one prefers doing a hard duty to
grimacing with a pretense of pleasure in
things that are no pleasure. — George Eliot.

Shall there be a mutiny among the flocks
and herds because their lord or their shep-
herd chooses their pastures, and suffers
them not to wander into deserts and un-
known ways? — Jeremy Taylor.

I hold what God wills above what I will.
I cleave to Him as His servant and fol-
lower; my impulses are one with His; my
pursuit is one with His; in a word, my
will is one with His. — Epictetus.

How much may depend upon following
when He beckons us to some higher duty,
to some more perfect service, we shall only
know when we see all things as they really
are in the light of His eternity. — H. P.
Liddon.

While talking with one of the young men
who went to China last year, we asked this
question: "Do you not think it is venture-
some and foolhardy to go to China now,
when the country is so unsettled? Is there

not much danger?" And he answered:
"Yes, there will be danger, but you must
give us credit for having a little iron in our
blood." . . . How many die from lack of
energy! They would like to see the world
transformed into a Paradise, but they lack
the strength and perseverance to do any-
thing toward regaining it. When one has
anæmia, the words of Christ, "Go, teach,
preach," seem difficult and impossible.
The idea of the labor, danger, and expense
which obedience involves, repulses us. It
would be a good thing if each of us at the
beginning of the year would take a tonic.
We have a recipe, which, if taken regular-
ly, will act like magic in driving anæmia
from our midst:

1 oz. Desire.
1 gr. Sacrifice.
2 oz. Will.
7 grs. Sympathy.
1 gr. Emotion.
1 Sentence Prayer.

Mix well with the Sweet Oil of Love, and
take three times a day. This will give us
the needed Iron in the Blood. — *Selected.*

The summer glory should be a kind of
blossoming for us. But it has a deeper sig-
nificance than breath and eye-beam. Can
we enjoy it and quaff it from youth to old
age without some deepening of the spiri-
tual nature, some nurture for the heart and
the imagination? Shall the communion do
naught but fill the lungs, quicken the step,
and improve the appetite? Shall it not
make us more simple, more sincere, more
honest with ourselves and our fellows? Shall
it not help us to shed what is mere-
tricious and false in the accretions and
overlays of life, and turn more to the
influences that unite us to the deep, under-
lying spring, the sources of beauty and
truth in God? What is so good as a simple,
natural piety that opens the soul to the
overflowings of gratitude for all that feeds
the human sense with delight, and satisfies
with largess human need? Systems of phi-
losophy and theology may vanish, but the
primitive emotions of the humble of mind
and pure of heart are the eternal feeders
of religion. For, as He brighteneth the
clouds at evening, He filleth the earth with
abundance of good for His creatures. —
Christian Register.

"Died!" she said to herself aloud, with a
wondering sense of the inappropriateness
of the word which almost came to the length
of laughter. In this sweet air, with such a
sense of life all about, to suggest such an
idea was almost ludicrous. She was so
occupied with this that she did not look
round to see who the speaker might be. She
thought it over, amused, but with some
new confusion of mind. Then she said:
"Perhaps I have died, too," with a laugh to
herself at the absurdity of the thought.

"Yes," said the other, echoing that gentle
laugh of hers, "you have died too."

She turned round, and saw another stand-
ing by her, a woman, younger and fairer
and more stately than herself, but of so
sweet a countenance that our Little Pilgrim
felt no shyness, but recognized a friend at
once. She was more occupied in looking at
this new face, and feeling herself at once so
much happier (though she had been so
happy before) in finding a companion who
would tell her what everything was, than in
considering what these words might mean.
But just then the recollection of the four
walls of her room in which she had fallen
asleep seemed to come round her for a mo-
ment, so that her whole soul was in a con-
fusion. And as this vision slowly faded
away (though she could not tell which was
the vision, the darkened room or this love-
ly light) her attention came back to the
words at which she had laughed, and at

which the other had laughed as she repeated
them.

"Died?" she said, looking with wonder
in her companion's face, which smiled back
to her. "But do you mean — you cannot
mean — I have never been so well: I am so
strong: I have no trouble — anywhere; I
am full of life."

The other nodded her head with a more
beautiful smile, and the Little Pilgrim
burst out in a great cry of joy and said:

"Is this all? Is it over? — is it all over?
Is it possible that this can be all?"

"Were you afraid of it?" the other said.
There was a little agitation for a moment
in her heart. She was so glad, so relieved
and thankful, that it took away her breath.
She could not get over the wonder of it.

The Little Pilgrim could do nothing but
talk of it, as one does after a great event.
"To think one should look forward to it so
long, and wonder, and be even unhappy
trying to divine what it will be — and this
is all!"

"Ah, but the angel was very gentle with
you," said the young woman; "you were
so tender and worn that he only smiled and
took you sleeping. There are other ways."
— M. W. OLIPHANT, in "The Little
Pilgrim."

Oh, send Thy summer to my soul,
Lord of the changing times!
Make Thy grand music o'er me roll
From sea and river chimes;
Give me my share of growth and good,
Like thriving corn and songful wood.

O Sun of Righteousness, shine through
The mists of sin and care!
Call fragrant blossoms fresh and new
To spaces rough and bare;
And, by the glory of Thy face,
Make my life show some signs of grace.

I lift my weary eyes to Thee,
My Saviour and my King!
Extend Thy bounties unto me,
And teach my lips to sing;
My times are under Thy control —
Lord, send Thy summer to my soul!

— Marianne Farningham.

OUR DEBBY

What She Lacked

MABEL GIFFORD.

MOTHER and Debby were walking
briskly down the lane, each with
a tin pail hung by a strong cord around
her neck. Bobby Ketchum had stopped
at the house the night before and in-
formed them that the blueberries were
ripe, and the berry-pickers as thick as
bees. There was no time to be lost.

Uncle Sol sat on the piazza in the big
black haircloth chair. It was the parlor
chair. Uncle Sol was sitting in the par-
lor chair because he had sprained his
ankle, and could not walk, and this was
the only chair in the house that had
casters. He pulled himself around the
piazza when he became tired of one place.
Mother had demurred, and felt it almost
sacrilege to have one of her parlor chairs
out of doors and "used common," but
Debby had insisted, with more spirit than
any one had ever seen her show, that
Uncle Sol must have the chair. It was
"wicked to think of chairs," she said,
when any one had a sprained ankle and
had to sit still all day — especially if that
person was Uncle Sol. Uncle Sol always
had kind words for Debby, and Debby
never forgot it.

Mother and Debby stopped at Mrs.
Edson's on the way to the berry pasture,
and asked her to "run over" and sit

awhile with Uncle Sol. A shower might come up, or something, and any way he needed some one for company, said Debby.

Debby looked back at the house and gave a sigh of relief. She was so glad to get away from it — it was like getting out of prison. Not that she liked picking berries in the hot sun, but anything was better than being shut up these bright summer days, and mother thought it was a waste of time to go out unless you had something to go for.

The only thing Debby loved about the old house was the piazza. She had built that herself — she and Uncle Sol. This was what Debby's father and mother called "a piece of foolishness." But Debby did not care what they called it, so long as she could have it — she and Uncle Sol. They sat there evenings and looked at the stars, and sometimes watched the moon rise. They built the piazza one day when father and mother had gone to town. Father said it was a waste of lumber, and was going to tear it away, but after a few days mother said they had better let it stand, for Uncle Sol sat out there so much, and did not bother around in the kitchen as he used to, talking to Debby and distracting her mind from her work.

Mrs. Edson ran over in about half an hour, and sat with Uncle Sol. After the weather and the crops, Uncle Sol's health and the health of all the members in both families had been discussed, and they had compared notes as to the number of eggs the respective flocks were furnishing, conversation began to lag.

"Maria is a master hand at picking," said Uncle Sol.

"Yes, but Debby's slow, mortal slow," said Mrs. Edson. "Debby is slow about everything. I never saw a girl with so little 'go' in her."

"Debby's a good girl," said Uncle Sol, bridling, "and she's a clean picker." He smoothed his double chin and looked down the lane as if he saw Debby picking.

"Well, she's the slackest girl for a Slick that ever I set eyes on," said Mrs. Edson. "It's a pity she does not take after her mother."

"Yes, yes, she's all 'go,'" agreed Uncle Sol; "at it from morning till night, and no let up — a born worker."

"It ain't her fault if Debby grows up shiftless," said the neighbor, with much energy. And then she added complacently: "It's the Daniels' blood that is the spoiling of her." (Mrs. Edson was a distant cousin.)

Uncle Sol's eyes flashed a little, but he turned his face more toward the lane, and replied: "Well, they are a well-to-do lot, generally speaking, but they are easy — yes, they are easy. Howsum-ever, it is a mercy that 'tis as 'tis, for if Debby had more spunk, she'd most likely be kitting off to the city or somewheres like the rest of them."

"Well, perhaps 'tis a mercy," mused Mrs. Edson, thinking of the little flock that had wandered out into the world, and left Debby alone with the father and mother.

"There's a new boarder up to the Ameses," said Mrs. Edson, after a pause. "She sits around in the fields under a

big umbrella, and paints pictures, they say."

It was a hot afternoon, and the mosquitoes were plenty, almost as plenty as the berries, Debby thought. But the pails were filled at last. "Now we must hurry home, so as not to keep the men waiting for their supper," said mother. "If we walk fast and cut across lots, we'll fetch it. Step up a little brisker, Debby."

Still Debby lagged behind, swinging her sunbonnet by the strings and looking hard at the back of her mother's bonnet that never slipped off and was always tied primly. She was wondering why her mother never was tired, and why she was always tired. She sat down on the stile her mother had just clambered over, and said: "I can't help get supper; I'm beat out."

Mother Daniels looked around sharply, and after a second thought said: "Well, take your own time," and hurried on, muttering to herself: "She never was like me; there was always something lacking about Debby."

While Debby sat listlessly on the stile a woman with a lace-bordered sunshade and a pretty blue gown came up. She greeted Debby quite as if they were acquainted, Debby thought.

"This has been a beautiful day," remarked the woman.

"Has it?" said Debby, dubiously.

"And there's going to be a glorious sunset."

"Is there?" asked Debby, looking about with something of curiosity.

"This stile is a fine place for observation," ventured the woman next. "This view of the meadow and the river is perfect. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know — I guess I never thought," said Debby.

"And that little cottage on the knoll looks so picturesque with the fields and orchard trees about it."

"That's my house," said Debby, opening her eyes wide. "Do you think that's pretty?"

"Indeed, I do," said the woman.

Debby took another look at the little gray house, with a hint of yellow paint and green moss on its loose shingles.

"It's awful old," she said. "My grandfather built it, and my father does everything just as my grandfather did, so the boys say. They wouldn't stay here, because father wouldn't make any improvements. Perhaps it's all right sitting out here, but it ain't so pretty close to."

The woman laughed a silvery laugh. "You country folks do not half appreciate your blessings," she said. "Beauty on every hand, sylvan scenes, pure fragrant air, fresh sun-cooked food, new-laid eggs and sweet cream, grain from your own mills!"

Then the woman stopped, Debby looked so scornful. "Come over to my house," she said. "P'raps you will think you would rather live in the city. It smells of the drain and the pig-pen, and the hens have dug up all the grass around the house, and mother sells all the eggs, and father sells all the milk. P'raps you think it is pretty to have a house black inside same as it is outside. I don't. And the top of the room is so low you can't breathe when it's hot and

bread is baking or dinner getting. And upstairs! My! you couldn't stand up straight upstairs, and the sun just bakes the roof. And mosquitoes! But father says it was good enough for his folks, and it's good enough for him."

Debby stopped out of breath. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed. She sat with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands and never once took her eyes from the little gray cottage while she talked. The woman reached up and put her arms around Debby — "just as if I was her sister," thought Debby. "Would you like to go away as your brothers and sisters have?" she asked, kindly.

"Yes, I would," said Debby, "but I can't. I am the last one. Mother could spare me better than any of them, because she says I am lacking, and not smart like her and the other girls, but they won't stay here, and I am better than nobody."

"What would you like to do?" asked the new friend.

"I don't know, but I would like to do something real hard. And," she added, diffidently, "I should like to live with some one who would make of me as you are doing now. Our folks don't do that way."

Tears came to the woman's eyes, and her clasp about Debby tightened. "I am Miss Miller," she said, "and I am boarding at Mr. Ames'. I shall be here about this time tomorrow. Can't you come out here and have another little chat with me?"

"I will, anyway," said Debby, stoutly. "Mother'll say it is a waste of time, but I don't care. I don't care for anything, now. I'm coming out every day and see the sunsets and things. What's the use of staying in a little old house all the time, when there is so much room outside?"

"You'll help your mother just the same, will you not?" the woman asked, a little anxiously.

"I'll help her most of the time, and a little of it I will do as I please," said Debby. "Mother don't care for anything but work, and she thinks it ought to be the same with everybody."

The next afternoon Debby came up to the stile, out of breath. "Mother kept me," she said, "and I feared you would get tired of waiting. I know what I would like to do — I thought of it last night. I would like to go somewhere and tell everybody how it is on farms — at least on some farms — and how it ought to be; and what they ought to do so the boys and girls would stay at home. Of course I couldn't, and of course I wouldn't, but that is what I would like to do."

Miss Miller thought a moment. "Do you like to write?" she asked Debby.

"Yes, I do. I like to write letters and compositions. But I would like to write just what I pleased, and not what the teacher puts on the board for us to write about."

"Write about the things you would like to talk to people — just as if you were talking to them — and bring them to me," said Miss Miller.

"I'll begin tonight," said Debby, "and I won't tell any one but Uncle Sol. I

always tell Uncle Sol everything. He thinks I am all right."

Debby danced away across the fields, and no one would have suspected she was the same girl who lagged behind her mother so listlessly the day before.

In less than a week Debby appeared at the stile with a package in her hands. She could not be persuaded to call at the house, for she said she did not look fit, and her mother would not listen to her petition to be allowed to wear her Sunday clothes on a week day.

"It's lots more fun than housework," said Debby, as she handed the package to Miss Miller.

"Housework is interesting," said Miss Miller, "and there is a good deal of poetry in it."

Debby made a wry face. "Not when the floors are splintered, and everything old and shabby, and the paint so dark it looks just the same after it is cleaned as before."

"Now dish-washing," said Miss Miller, "I admire. The bright glasses and cups and plates look so pretty."

"But when the dishes are brown and cracked, and the towels ragged and linty," said Debby; "and there are the greasy pans and kettles."

"All that can be remedied," said Miss Miller. "There is the agate ware, and aluminum, which costs more but lasts longer, being alike all through, and it cleans so nicely. I can tell you many things to make housework easy and pleasant."

"Oh!" said Debby with a breath of delight. "I will write it all up, and some day perhaps I can coax some one to try it."

The next time Miss Miller met Debby, Miss Miller was on her way home from an evening ramble, and Debby was returning from the post-office. "I've got some strange letters," said Debby; "they are not from any of our folks, and my name is on them. The folks always write to mother!"

"Come into the house," said Miss Miller; "you need not see any one."

Miss Miller took Debby into her room, and the letters were opened. "What is that?" asked Debby, as a queer-looking slip of paper fell out of the first letter that was opened.

"It is a money order," said Miss Miller. "It says, 'Pay to Miss Deborah Daniels, five dollars.'"

The mixture of delight and wonder on Debby's face was good to see.

"Read the letter, and see what it means," said Miss Miller.

"For article entitled '—' began Debby. Then she dropped the letter and threw her arms around Miss Miller's neck. "You sent off what I wrote, and they are going to print it and pay for it!"

"It means, my dear," said Miss Miller, "that you can tell as many people as you please the things you want to say to them, without going out of your own dooryard, and earn a nice little sum of money besides. And you may be sure your father and mother will not think it a waste of time for you to do it."

"I must go to Uncle Sol, quick," said Debby, brushing tears of joy from her eyes. "He gave me the paper to write on. He always told me I would surprise folks

some day, and now I have surprised myself, and I guess I shall surprise him."

Miss Miller did not tell her that her mother was an old friend of Uncle Sol, and that he had written her a letter asking her to befriend his lonely little niece. Neither did Uncle Sol tell her, and it was a long time after that she found out.

The people say now of Debby that she is the smartest one in the family, and Uncle Sol chuckles and says she gets it from the Daniels' side.

Mattapan, Mass.

ONE PRAYER

Let me work and be glad,
O Lord, and I ask no more;
With will to turn where the sunbeams
burn

At the sill of my workshop door.

Aforetime I prayed my prayer
For the glory and gain of earth,
But now grown wise and with opened eyes
I have seen what the prayer was worth.

Give me my work to do,
And peace of the task well done;
Youth of the spring and its blossoming,
And the light of the moon and sun.

Pleasure of little things
That never may pall or end,
And fast in my hold no lesser gold
Than the honest hand of a friend.

Let me forget in time
Folly of dreams that I had;
Give me my share of a world most fair —
Let me work and be glad.

—THEODOSIA GARRISON, in *Independent*.

The Old Courtship Days

THE doctor left the bedside, and the husband's anxious eyes searched his face. He shook his head gravely. The husband turned to the bed again. He was half wondering about his sorrow, for the pain was deeper than that of mere death.

The old-fashioned country girl, sweet as a rose from her mother's garden, had not kept pace with his ambitious career. Some way, of late years, he had been comparing her with the women whom he met, and had decided that she was lacking in the qualities his wife should possess. So they had lived their separate lives—he with his associates in the busy world, she with her books in the lonely house.

But she lay there very like the little country girl again, in her weakness.

She opened her eyes; he knelt beside her, and folded her in his arms.

"Sweetheart!" The unaccustomed word came hesitatingly, but with it a strange flood of tenderness. Her listless air changed to one of glad surprise. She began to talk in an eager, broken voice:

"Do you remember the old days at home, dearest, when we were lovers? You used to come from the city on Saturday night and stay till Sunday night, and I always watched for you under the locust tree down by the gate. I was dreaming just now, and I could smell the locust flowers, and I thought you kissed me as you used to do there. Do you remember how the tea-table looked in the little dining-room? I used to set it—oh, so carefully!—before you came. And the flowers you had sent down in the morning were on the table."

"We used to go to the little church on Sunday. Do you remember the text dear old Mr. Roberts preached from the last Sunday we were there before we were married? Wasn't that a beautiful thought for

me at the threshold of that happy day? And then after church, that sweet last hour before you went away. You used to call your Sunday with us 'the oasis.'"

She was silent for a while, and then went on:

"Wouldn't it be pleasant to go back?"

"Yes, love, yes," he said, with a sob.

"But I am going to die. Perhaps, in the place where I'm going, I may have a home in a rose-garden like the old one, and I'll wait there for you, and we will have the old courtship days over again. We were very happy then, and we will forget the weariness and pain and be happy again."

Her voice sank away in a murmur. The husband arose and went to the doctor. "Save her, save her!" he entreated, in passionate despair.

"I have done all I can," came the answer. "We must simply wait."

She awoke an hour later. Her husband's face was over her as before.

"I am better?" she half questioned.

"Yes, dearest."

She lay silent and thoughtful.

"Yes, you are better," he said, holding her closer, "and we will have the old courtship days over again right here on earth." — *Christian Standard*.

Didn't Talk Sunshiny

Mamma, in a tone of weariness savoring of despair, asked Katherine, aged three, to bring an apron left on another floor. The little girl did her errand promptly, and then followed this dialogue:

"What made you cry—'cause you forget your apron, mamma?"

"Why, I didn't cry, Katherine."

"But you sniveled."

"No, mamma didn't snivel."

"Well, you didn't talk sunshiny, anyway."

BOYS AND GIRLS

HAROLD MASON'S REWARD

"I WANT Harold to spend the summer with father," declared Mr. Mason, the foremost lawyer in the thriving city of Lincoln, one morning at the breakfast table. "I had planned to send him to Dirigo Camp, in Maine, for a couple of months, but the more I think of it, the more I am convinced he needs a summer at Richmond, on the farm. There may be better boy-trainers than father," recalling his own youthful experiences, "but for my part I doubt it—the Spartans even not being excepted."

"I think, myself, that a summer on the farm, with his grandfather to direct him, would be of greater benefit to Harold than two months in the Maine woods, delightful and instructive as such an outing would be," said Mrs. Mason, as she handed her husband a second cup of fragrant coffee.

"There are a great many things Harold needs to learn," continued Mr. Mason, thoughtfully, "but above everything else he lacks perseverance—'stick-to-it-iveness' father used to call it—and I'd trust him to inculcate it in a boy sooner than any one else I know."

So three weeks later, Harold found himself on the small platform of the unpretentious railroad station at Richmond, greeting his grandfather.

The following morning Harold's grandfather took him over to Buxton. Here

Mr. Mason found a market for his annual crop of wool. On the way back he drove up to a hardware store. Hitching his horse, he said, mysteriously:

"Let's go in and see what they have got for hoes, Harold. I made a bargain with you, before you came, and haven't even consulted with you on the matter — rather a one-sided affair," and his eyes twinkled as he spoke.

"If you've made it it's all right! I'm ready to become a silent partner without questioning!"

"It isn't a partnership," declared Mr. Mason, still more mysteriously. "It's a but-one-member-of-the-firm company, and you're the company. Your stock in trade is a potato patch, hoe and perseverance. The potato patch you have — I've donated it; the hoe we'll get in here; and the perseverance, if you haven't all that's required already, can be cultivated along with the potatoes."

"I guess that will suit," decided Mr. Mason, after Harold had tried a number of hoes of different sizes. "If one is to accomplish all that is possible, one must have the most convenient tools to work with."

All the while Harold was in perplexity as to his grandfather's plan.

"It's this way," explained Mr. Mason, as he unhitched his horse. "You want a delightful summer — lots of fun and that sort of thing — but that isn't all you want. You want a profitable one as well. The last time you were here on a visit I noticed how small your arms were; what you need is muscle! Now my plan is this: I have a new piece of land that was never ploughed before this spring, planted to potatoes. With proper care a big crop can be raised. They're all up, ready to begin hoeing on next week. A third of an acre I've set aside for you. Now, it will take a good deal of time, a good many backaches, and some sacrifice, but you can take care of the patch and have all the profits in September. What do you say?"

"It's a bargain! I'm already the but-one-member-of-the-firm company, only I guess you'll have to squeeze into the company just enough to give advice."

"That I'll be glad to do. You do the hoeing, keep the plants free from bugs, dig your potatoes in September, and I'll buy them of you, and pay you the regular market price."

My! how his back ached before the rows were hoed! Then the wheelbarrow loads of water he had to trundle to the field, with which to mix his Paris green for destroying the potato bugs!

At last the first hoeing was over, and Harold took a breathing spell, but it was of short duration, for the first rows gone over were again ready for the second hoeing.

At last September arrived, and Harold harvested his crop. All but the last row was dug. "I shall be glad when it's over," and Harold drew a deep sigh.

The row was finished, with the exception of three hills. "I guess I'll leave those," and Harold leaned hesitatingly on his hoe handle. "No; I'll make a clean job of it," resolutely. "That's what grandfather'd do," and the young farmer continued his digging, when, in the last hill, what had his hoe struck?

He stopped to pick it up. It was a small, old-fashioned purse!

He opened it excitedly. Within lay a ten-dollar gold piece. Beside it was a bit of paper which read: "From grandfather and grandmother — a reward for perseverance!"

His grandfather had placed it there that morning, and was now watching Harold from the road.

"That isn't the only reward I've got for my summer's work," said Harold, triumphantly, the day he returned to Lincoln. "See the muscle I've gained."

"That and the other thing you've acquired are worth vastly more than the money," said Mr. Mason.

"The other thing?" inquired Harold, curiously.

"Stick-to-it-ive-ness!" said his father. — *Morning Star*.

The Quarrelsome Katydid

I DON'T know whether he began it, but certainly he kept the quarrel going. He was in the elm-tree, and the others were in some birches, a little way off. He would say, in a slow kind of drawl:

"She — did."

Then those in the birch-trees would answer:

"She didn't!" "She didn't!" "Katy didn't!" "Katy didn't!"

When they paused, the one in the elm tree would say, quietly, as if he were sure he was right:

"She — did."

Then the chorus would start up, and answer back, all together, that Katy didn't!

He had such a lazy way of saying it. It seemed to be too much trouble for him to speak her name. He would just say enough to set the others to contradicting him:

"She — did."

I think he leaned back in the elm-tree every time, and enjoyed the uproar he caused.

It was a night in September, and, although it was quite warm for the season, the Katydids did not talk all night without a pause, as they do in summer, or as fast. Perhaps the one in the elm-tree felt the cold more than the others, and that made him feel quarrelsome; but it seemed to me that he really enjoyed making the Katydids excited and angry.

They kept up the dispute until I fell asleep.

Late in the night — or early in the morning — I was awakened by a loud crash of thunder. The rain was pouring down on the roof, making a great deal of noise. Then there came a flash of lightning, and more thunder.

When the storm had passed it was very quiet for a while; then, above the sound of water dripping off the eaves, came that lazy, provoking voice from the elm-tree:

"She — did."

He said it in such a drawling, positive way that it was no wonder that the others were angry at once, and answered back: "She didn't!" "She didn't!" "Katy didn't!"

"She — did," said the lazy one, and they kept on until it was nearly time for the sun to rise. If there was ever a pause of any length, the Katydid in the elm-tree started the quarrel afresh.

The next night there was danger of a frost, and the flowers out of doors had to be covered up to keep them from freezing.

After dark I went to the door to see if I could hear the Katydids. They were too cold to talk. Even the little cricket grew

discouraged before morning, and kept still as a mouse. And I never heard the Katydids again until the next season, when they talked about Katy among themselves, as usual. The provoking fellow of the elm-tree was not among them. — *Little Folks*.

OUR DAISY CHAIN



"Wee Three" — Boylan Home Daisies

Miss H. E. Emerson, superintendent of Boylan Home, Jacksonville, Florida, sends this picture for the Daisy Chain. She says the *HERALD* is always a welcome visitor, and that the children in Boylan Home have learned many a helpful lesson from the Boys and Girls' page, adding: "Some time, if your Daisy Chain lengthens sufficiently, you may need a Florida link, and I send you a group of brown-eyed daisies from our kindergarten." She also gives the following incident:

One morning, as the children were gathering for school, loud voices were heard that suggested trouble of some sort among the little folks. The teachers soon found the aggrieved ones and brought them into the house for a quiet talk. Frances had pushed Nellie off the walk, as she said, in sport, but Nellie did not think it was funny at all, and thus the trouble began.

"Why, Nellie," said Miss M., "I do not see how Frances could do all you say of her, such a quiet, meek-looking little girl as she is whenever I see her."

"Yes, 'um, she do look meek, but she do be mean; it isn't the looks that I minds, but the do-in's."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

Third Quarter Lesson XI

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1903.

2 SAMUEL 2:1-10.

DAVID BECOMES KING

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.* — Psa. 133:1.

2. **DATE:** B. C. 1055; David thirty years old.

3. **PLACE:** 1. Hebron, the capital of Judah, about 3,000 feet above sea level, and one of the oldest cities of the world; its earlier name was Kirjath Arba. 2. Mahanaim, a town east of the Jordan.

4. **HOME READINGS:** Monday — 2 Sam. 2:1-10. Tuesday — 2 Sam. 3:17-21. Wednesday — 2 Sam. 4:1-12. Thursday — 2 Sam. 5:1-12. Friday — Psa. 21. Saturday — Psa. 75. Sunday — Psa. 97.

II Introductory

The death of Saul left Israel prostrate at the feet of her enemies. Northern and Central Palestine west of the Jordan were added to the Philistine kingdom, the Israelites fleeing across the river. Judah alone, in the highlands of the south, was left undisturbed. David was at Ziklag when the great defeat at Gilboa occurred. This town had been assigned to him by the Philistines as a place of residence. Now that his way lay open to the throne, his friendship with the national enemy, though forced upon him by the hatred of Saul, operated against him. He was no longer sought by the people. His first step was to free himself from his entangling alliance. Inquiring of God, he was bidden to take up his abode in Hebron; and thither he went, accompanied by his family and his six hundred followers. Here his personal qualities and leadership regained for him favor, and his fellow-tribesmen elected him to the office of supreme authority, anointing him king over Judah, an act of independence which, though temporarily resented by the other tribes, was confirmed by them seven years later.

His first royal act was to commend the men of Jabesh Gilead for their heroic deed in recovering the bodies of Saul and Jonathan from the wall of Beth-shan and giving them suitable burial. He took care to announce to them his accession to the tribal kingship. Saul's followers, however, were still powerful. A rival throne was set up at Mahanaim across the Jordan, whither the Israelites had fled after their defeat. Abner, a cousin of Saul and the leader of his forces, proclaimed Ishbosheth, Saul's eldest surviving son, king over Gilead, the Ashurites, the valley of Jezreel, Ephraim and Benjamin, and nominally over all Israel. The new ruler was a weak and irresolute prince, and, though Abner treated him with due deference, the former was merely a puppet in the hands of the latter.

III Expository

1. It came to pass after this — after the battle of Gilboa, the death of Saul and Jonathan, and David's lamentation over their fate (see chapter 1). David inquired of the Lord — characteristic of David in emergencies (1 Sam. 23:9; 30:7, 8, etc.). He

probably "inquired" through the high priest Abiathar, who was attached to his fortunes. Shall I go up into any of the cities of Judah? — David was settled in Ziklag, in the southern part of the Philistine country. He had been forced into an alliance with the national enemy by Saul's hostility, but he had not been permitted to take part in the final battle. A crisis had now come. The throne was vacant. He had been divinely anointed for the kingship. In times gone by the nation would have hailed his accession, but no tribe called him now. Says Geikie: "The favor shown him by Samuel; the presence with him of the prophet Gad and of the high priest Abiathar; his noble lyrics and his sacred hymns; his marriage with the daughter of Saul; his great deeds in war from the day of Ephes-dammim to his flight from Nob; and, not least, the strong force he had organized and now led, with its famous heroes — the pride of all Israel — must have told in his favor. But they led to no popular action on his behalf." The Lord said, Go up — probably by means of the Urim and Thummim in the breastplate of the high priest. David said, Whither? — from the general question to the specific one. Unto Hebron. — See Places above. "It lay out of the range of the Philistine occupation and was in no danger of invasion" (Geikie).

Hebron numbers about ten thousand souls, including five hundred Jews, but there is not a single Christian family there. The city is divided into several quarters, in one of which is the great mosque, a massive structure, about two hundred by one hundred and fifty feet on the ground and nearly fifty feet high, with two minarets. This mosque is known to conceal the noted cave of Machpelah, the burial-place of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and their wives, except Rachel. The mosque is closed against visitors, and guarded with the strictest care by the Moslems (Schaff).

2. David went up thither. — "The central position of Hebron in the tribe of Judah, its mountainous and defensible situation, its importance as a priestly settlement and an ancient royal city, the patriarchal associations connected with it, combined to render it the most suitable capital for the new kingdom. In its neighborhood, moreover, David had spent a considerable part of his fugitive life and gained many supporters" (Cambridge Bible). His two wives. — Saul's daughter, Michal, whom David had married, had been taken from him by her father and given to another man (1 Sam. 25:44). The "wives" now with him had been found during his wanderings. One of them was the widow of Nabal.

These two women had had an adventurous career. They were taken by David to the court of Achish at Gath (1 Sam. 27:3); were made captive when the Amalekites plundered Ziklag (1 Sam. 30:5), but were presently rescued by David and his men (1 Sam. 30:18). History contains few lives more romantic than that of Abigail, whom we watch as a hopeful Hebrew maiden; then, still young and beautiful, as the childless wife of the rich and surly Nabal; then as participator in the rough and ready life of the young hero of the nation as he fled in guerrilla warfare from cave to cave throughout the "mountain of Judah;" then amid the barbaric splendor and voluptuous idolatry of Achish's capital; then in the wild confusion and fury of the midnight onset of the Amalekites, who flung herself and her sister wife as captives on some fleet camel or horse and sped southward over the rocks and sands; then during the second onset in the wilderness, when she woke to find herself again in the grasp of her hero husband; then the removal to Hebron, of which our lessons tell; and a little later the triumphal procession to Jerusalem, and a life of luxury amid the splendors of the most splendid court of the age (Huribut).

3. His men that were with him — his famous six hundred. Every man with his

household. — In their roaming life these warriors of David had apparently either captured or bought for themselves wives. The cities of Hebron — the adjacent towns. They had no occasion now to be ever on the alert. They could settle down until called for in some war that concerned the kingdom.

4. Men of Judah . . . anointed David king over . . . Judah. — He had been privately anointed by Samuel as Saul's successor; he was now popularly anointed by his tribesmen as the accepted ruler of Judah. Says Geikie: "The claim of the house of Saul was subordinate to popular election; for mere legitimacy had not yet superseded the free action of the national will. As among our own ancestors down to the time of the Conqueror the king held his throne not by descent but by the vote of the people, and Judah was therefore justified in acting for itself in this matter, as all that was left of the western kingdom. It is quite possible, however, that, besides these considerations, a feeling of haughty superiority which claimed pre-eminence among the tribes had its own force. Nor can David, as the anointed of Samuel and of God, be blamed if he accepted a dignity which opened the way to the fulfillment of the Divine purpose respecting him and the nation."

5-7. Sent messengers . . . Blessed be ye of the Lord. — "There can be no doubt that this message of thanks was an expression of David's personal and genuine feeling of satisfaction. At the same time it was a stroke of sound and timely policy. In this view the announcement of his royal power in Judah, accompanied by the pledge of protection to the men of Jabesh Gilead should they be exposed to danger from their adventure at Beth-shan, would bear an important significance in all parts of the country" (J., F. and B.). I also will requite you this kindness. — David took every opportunity of expressing the same regard for Saul that he had done while the latter was alive. Your master Saul (R. V., "Saul, your lord") is dead. — "And therefore ye are without a king unless ye acknowledge me, as the house of Judah has done. Surely they could not misunderstand his wishes; but the presence of the Israelitish army under Abner in Gilead made it imprudent and hazardous for the single town of Jabesh to declare for David" (M. S. Terry).

8, 9. Abner . . . took Ishbosheth . . . brought him over to Mahanaim. — "Abner was first cousin of Saul, commander of the forces, and held in high respect throughout the country. Loyalty to the house of his late master was mixed up with opposition to David and views of personal ambition, in his originating this factional movement. He, too, was alive to the importance of securing the eastern tribes; so, taking Ishbosheth across the Jordan, he proclaimed him king at Mahanaim, a town on the north bank of the Jabbok, hallowed in

Get Rid of Scrofula

Bunches, eruptions, inflammations, soreness of the eyelids and ears, diseases of the bones, rickets, dyspepsia, catarrh, wasting, are only some of the troubles it causes.

It is a very active evil, making havoc of the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates it, cures all its manifestations, and builds up the whole system.

Accept no substitute.

patriarchal time by the Divine presence (Gen. 32:2). There he rallied the tribes around the standard of the unfortunate son of Saul" (J., F. and B.). Ishbosheth — in Chronicles, Eshbaal. Gilead — east of the Jordan, the home of Gad and part of Manasseh. Ashurites — probably the tribe of Ashur, the northern tribe. The Vulgate and Syriac read "Geshurites." Over Jezreel — occupied by the tribes of Issachar and Zebulun. Over all Israel — Judah, of course, excepted.

If venerable associations could have strengthened the new throne, those of such a spot must have done so, for it was here that the vision of the two hosts of angels was vouchsafed to Jacob on his return journey from Haran. It was, moreover, judiciously chosen as to its situation, for the great caravan road from the Red Sea to Damascus passed through it. But Ishbosheth was too weak and irresolute for his position. Though thirty-five years old at his father's death, he was from the first only a puppet in the hands of Abner, who, however, bore himself as a thoroughly loyal subject, though in fact the virtual king. If any lingering wish to have David over them still remained among the people after the battle of Gilboa, it was quickly suppressed by Abner's vigorous action on behalf of Ishbosheth. Organizing what force he could, that brave and generous soldier slowly but steadily won back much of the country west of the Jordan from the Philistines. Step by step he conquered for him the district of Geshur, Edraelon, Ephraim, Benjamin — Saul's own land — till, at last, after a struggle of five years, he could speak of him as king over all Israel except the tribe of Judah (Geikie).

10, 11. Ishbosheth . . . forty years old when he began to reign — that is, over all Israel except Judah. In this sense he reigned two years; it is probable that, dating from Abner's proclamation, he reigned five years longer. David was king . . . seven years and six months — king of Judah.

IV Illustrative

An iron church which was wanted in West Africa was ordered from England, and duly shipped for its destination at Liverpool. It was, of course, sent in detached pieces, to be put together after it arrived, according to the plan of the designer. Until this was done it could not serve the purpose for which it was intended. Now, imagine that on its arrival the purchasers had attempted to put it together after their own fancy, without regard to the plan of the maker, what utter confusion would have followed! The different parts, put in the wrong places, would not have fitted one into the other. There would have been no beauty, no harmony, no coherence, and the structure would have failed to answer to its design. Not altogether dissimilar was the confusion which existed in the land of Israel during the first seven years that succeeded the death of Saul. There was one king reigning over the tribe of Judah at Hebron, and another over the remaining tribes at Mahanaim. Compare 2 Sam. 2:8-29. There was constant warfare between the followers of the one and the other, and the period was marked by disorder, bloodshed, and treachery. As a divided nation Israel could offer no bold front to the enemies around, and was powerless to attain the position God had intended it to occupy (Huribut.)

Governor Bates' Athletic Ancestor

ABNER BATES, James Bates, and Nehemiah Bates, grandsons of Joshua and Rachel (Tower), went from Hingham, Mass., to Chesterfield, Mass., which from the nativity of many of its early settlers was at first called New Hingham. Levi Bates, Theophilus Bates, and Phineas Bates, brothers, and Josiah Bates, a cousin of the former named, all great-grandsons of Joshua and Rachel (Tower), went to Springfield, Vt., in the early settlement of that town. They had obtained a knowledge of the locality through the many marches and countermarches, during the War of the Revolution, which they made from the seaboard to Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Fort No. 4, now Charlestown, N. H., was an objective point of rendezvous; thence directly across the Connecticut, the trail ran over the high hills and through the wilderness, now converted by the labors of these pioneers into the productive and beautiful farms of the mountain town. Their descendants made closer the connection with the Tower family by frequent intermarriages.

Some of the descendants are remembered by their ability and sacrifices in the line of their calling. The names of Rev. Dexter Bates and his brother, Rev. Lewis Bates, will readily occur. Both of them were early workers in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the period of frontier life, when the minister required large physical endowments as well as mental equipment to meet the demands made upon him. In all respects these brothers were well prepared, and wrought with great efficiency in their Master's service. The following anecdote in the life of Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, will show to what unusual service these frontier preachers were sometimes called:

"It was on the occasion of the camp-meeting, some sixty years ago. Just after the meeting had commenced, rumors of war had reached the camp. A gang of dissolute fellows, headed by a notorious bully, had signified their intention of breaking up the camp-meeting. The brethren, however, paid but little heed to these threats, and proceeded with their exercises. One morning, just as the forenoon services were to commence, an excited and almost breathless brother rushed up to the preacher's stand with the news that the gang of ruffians were on the march for the camp-ground. Some confusion ensued, when up sprang Father Taylor, shouting in stentorian tones: 'Who will go with me and fight these Philistines?' The first man to respond was Rev. Lewis Bates. He was a man of large stature and herculean strength. Father Taylor was then in his prime, and very tough, wiry, and muscular. Several stalwart brethren at once volunteered, and in less than five minutes' time were on the way to meet the foe. When just on the outskirts of the grounds they encountered the band of ruffians, headed by their leader, a huge, wicked-looking fellow. 'Now,' says Brother Bates, 'I will tackle that leader myself; and the rest of you make the best use of your fists and cudgels.' The two giants approached and clinched. In an instant the bully was thrown to the ground with great violence, and the heavy foot of Brother Bates was placed upon his throat. In the mean time Father Taylor and his aids made such a vigorous assault upon the rest of the gang that they fled for dear life. Brother Bates now addressed the prostrate bully, who was writhing and choking under the heavy pressure, 'Beg for mercy, you scoundrel!' And he did beg, and solemnly promised never to disturb another camp-meeting, upon which he was released."

Rev. Lewis Bates continued in the ministry, in contests with other and not so easily defeated foes, until a late period in life, dying at the ripe age of eighty-five years. His sons — Rev. George W. Bates and Rev. Lewis B. Bates — are worthy sons of so distinguished a father. Lewis B. Bates' son, John L. Bates, is Governor of Massachusetts.

In this connection it is proper to name Rev. Joshua Bates, D. D., late president of Middlebury College, of Vermont, and his son, so well remembered in educational work, the late Joshua Bates, the life-long teacher and master of the Brimmer School of Boston. — From "The Tower Genealogy."

August at St. James' Hall, London

THE Rev. C. Ensor Walters, who returned last week from Cambourne, preached twice at St. James' Hall on Sunday, before starting for his usual August holiday. He hopes to return to the Mission on Sept. 6. "I was surprised," says a correspondent, "to see how well this West End congregation is keeping up at a time when the neighboring squares and streets present a long blank vista of shuttered or curtained windows. Squares which a month ago were blocked with carriages and motor-cars for great diplomatic receptions are today silent, the only residents being a few caretakers. Yet the trees and lawns of the West End gardens were never more exquisitely fresh, the foliage never more radiant with color, than in this second week of August. The rains of June and July have meant a second spring for our parks and gardens."

"The audience that came to Mr. Walters' morning service included a number of strangers, and there were several clear-cut, thoughtful American faces, framed in white or grey hair. Next to the preacher on the platform sat Mr. Percy Bunting. Many of the regular members are away, and Mr. Walters prayed touchingly for 'those who cannot get any holiday; for the very poor and the little children of the slums.' Touching mention was made of Mr. Hughes, both in prayer and sermon. I do not know if the Wesleyans have any service corresponding to the 'Year's Mind' which is known in the Church of England, but in each Sunday's address or prayer Mr. Walters lays a flower on the grave of the Mission's founder."

"Mr. Walters was careful not to overtire his congregation on a warm day. The entire service lasted only an hour and ten minutes, and of this time the sermon occupied less than a third. Four or five of the most cheerful hymns were sung, and the reading of Psalm 104, in Mr. Walters' admirable voice, was even more uplifting. Many persons may have heard it in little chapels amongst the Alpine heights, at seaside services, and by lochs and moors. It is a Psalm which seems to suit the traveler's mood, and it is chosen, perhaps, more than any other for the holiday season. Mr. Walters made only a very slight allusion of his own future plans. 'I have never,' he remarked, 'said anything, from this platform, about the future work of the Mission. I cannot trust myself to do so this morning.' Mr. Walters and Mr. Howard May will resume work after a comparatively brief vacation." — *British Weekly*.

DISTRESSING SUMMER DISEASE

Quickly cured to stay cured by the masterly power of Drake's Palmetto Wine. Invalids no longer suffer from this dread malady, because this remarkable remedy cures absolutely every form of stomach trouble. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and constipation, as well as a regulator of the kidneys and liver.

Only one dose a day, and a cure begins with the first dose. No matter how long or how much you have suffered you are certain of cure with one small dose a day of Drake's Palmetto Wine, and to convince you of this fact the Drake Formula Company, 24 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., will send a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine free and prepaid to every reader of ZION'S HERALD who desires to make a thorough test of this splendid tonic Palmetto remedy. A postal card or letter will be your only expense.

J. S. Waterman & Sons
FUNERAL UNDERTAKERS
and EMBALMERS
 2326 and 2328 Washington St.,
 Adjoining Dudley St., Terminal.
 Personal attention given to every detail. Chapel and
 other special rooms connected with establishment.
 Telephones, Roxbury 72 and 73.

OUR BOOK TABLE

The One Woman. A Story of Modern Utopia. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Doubleday, Page & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.25.

The purpose of this volume is as specific and as manifest as that of "The Leopard's Spots," which has already testified to the author's powers in the field of romance. It is a purpose, moreover, which will command more general approval than did that. What the aim is may be in part inferred from the quotation given as a kind of preface. It is a word of Gladstone's, and runs as follows: "I incline to think that the future of America is of greater importance to Christendom than that of any other country, and that this future in its highest features vitally depends on the incidents of marriage." The dedication, to the memory of his mother, and the title point in the same direction. The purity and permanency of the marriage relation is powerfully emphasized; also the danger of Socialism as a covert attack on the family, sure to overthrow it if it once gains control. The hero, if such he can be called, Rev. Frank Gordon, is depicted as a social dreamer, who becomes the chief clerical champion of the socialistic nostrums and panaceas for poverty in New York city. He is a popular preacher, and, presumably, at first, a good man; but, so far as this volume goes, he does not exhibit any very clerical or Christian tempers. "Contemptible old sneak" and "little ferret-eyed imp of hell" are some of the terms he applies to his principal deacon, with whom he has a mortal quarrel. He falls under the spell of a sensual siren in his congregation, and for the sake of her physical charms abandons his wife and children. His popularity is not injured by this little incident. He becomes the idol of still larger crowds, who hail him as a sort of new Messiah, inaugurator of the modern Utopia. His mistress, whom he marries after a fashion by a ceremony similar to that of Rev. Mr. Herron's, devotes a million dollars of her fortune to erecting for him a splendid temple wherein he may figure as the apostle of the great reform. But in the development of the story and of the new ideas this temptress has a fresh attraction herself—the minister's college chum and most intimate friend, Mark Overman, a banker—and sees no reason why the new freedom should be for man's desires alone. This, which is of course a very natural consequence of the teaching, somehow does not strike the preacher pleasantly, and a crisis is brought on. The elemental passions rage without restraint, the beast comes out in full force, the savage or brute appetites assert themselves, and these two college graduates, one of them for long years in a Christian pulpit, have a deadly duel in the dark, in which the banker is killed.

The book will do good. Some such exposure of the ultimate outcome of Socialism in lust and murder, savagery and the rule of brute force, when its principles find their full development, was much needed. Since Bellamy's genius cast a false halo over it, the genius of another novelist was needed to furnish the counteractant. Yet, as a novelist, it must be admitted that Mr. Dixon has some serious faults. He pictures Kate Ransom, "the other woman," as opposed to "the one woman," on a tour among the slums with the preacher in the winter—"a howling snowstorm" immediately descends—with bare arms, so that the man may handle them. In the duel the minister is stabbed twice in the breast, the dagger of the finest Italian steel, a keen ten inch blade, being plunged each time to the hilt, but wounds it in no degree, breaks his opponent's back afterwards by sheer physical strength, has a

stormy scene with his mistress, nearly killing her, and then in a roaring snowstorm walks away several miles to his first wife's residence, and rings the door bell. Other such crudities or impossibilities occur, and they decidedly detract from the artistic enjoyment. Mr. Dixon should have more care about these things; they furnish too easy an opportunity for ridicule. We lament them the more because we sympathize so strongly with his general aim.

The Crises of the Christ. By G. Campbell Morgan, D. D. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, \$2. net.

Dr. Morgan's works reach now a full dozen, and this, the latest, is at the same time the largest—nearly 500 pages. There are no less than 33 chapters. The seven principal crises treated are the Birth, Baptism, Temptation, Transfiguration, Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension. It is substantially, though not in name, another Life of Jesus, consisting apparently of pulpit material worked over. We do not think it will stand particularly high among the many attempts which have been made to set forth the Supreme Character. But the author has a wide circle of strong admirers who never tire of listening to him, and he has a genuine message from the Lord which, whether delivered by word of mouth or put upon the printed page, cannot fail to do good.

The Bible in Shakespeare. By William Burgess. The Winona Publishing Co.: 193 State St., Chicago. Price, \$1.50, net.

All who are at the same time students of Shakespeare and of the Bible will hail this book with great delight. The greater part of it is taken up by a very extended collection of extracts showing the poet's treatment of moral and religious truths, arranged in cyclopedic order, or "Scripture Themes in Shakespeare." There is also an exhaustive list of all the poet's references to Scripture characters, facts, incidents, places, and the parallel passages, which show how intimate was Shakespeare's knowledge of the Bible, and how many allusions there are not often noticed. Other topics are: "Shakespeare and Temperance," "Shakespeare and Immortality," "Religious Thought in the Plots of the Plays," "God in Shakespeare," "Heroes and Heroines," "The Moral Inculcations of Shakespeare." The work is very well done—we know of nothing in its line so good—and all the more creditable in that it had to be twice done, on account of the destruction of manuscripts and proof-sheets by fire.

The Power of God unto Salvation. By Benjamin B. Warfield, D. D., Professor in Princeton Theological Seminary. Presbyterian Board of Publication: Philadelphia. Price, 75 cents, net.

As this is a volume of the "Presbyterian Pulpit" series, and as all the eight sermons included in it were preached in the Seminary Chapel at Princeton, it may be fairly inferred that we have here the Simon-pure Presbyterian doctrine. A careful examination of the discourses, however, fails to reveal anything that might not be preached acceptably in a Methodist pulpit, with a single exception. The sermon on "Paul's Earliest Gospel," from 1 Thess. 1:2, 4, has one page touching on election which an Arminian would put differently. Dr. Warfield says the fact that a sinner accepts the Gospel is due "ultimately to his selection by God to be a recipient of His grace;" "that we acquire salvation only because of our appointment thereunto by God;" "salvation applied in one effectual call, completed by a prevalent keeping." This is really about all in the whole book that the most strenuous Methodist could object to, although he would certainly miss at some other points the customary notes of a free, a full, and a present salvation, which are

not sounded. The failure is rather in omission than commission.

The Open Door. By Henry Van Dyke. Presbyterian Board of Publication: Philadelphia. Price, 75 cents, net.

While Dr. Warfield's eight sermons cover 254 pages, Dr. Van Dyke's eight are included in 160. And they are as much superior in style and contents as they are in brevity. Two were baccalaureate sermons at Harvard and the University of Missouri, and one was the Moderator's sermon at the General Assembly in New York last year. The other five are of the same grade. The topics are: "The Open Door," "Resurrection Now," "A Divine Impossibility," "Salt" (the Harvard baccalaureate), "A Brief for Foreign Missions," "The Making of St. John," "The Angel of God's Face," "Real Life." As Dr. Van Dyke is one of the very foremost men in the whole denomination, and, for that matter, in the American pulpit, and these picked sermons are well worthy of him, no one will make a mistake who sets himself to their perusal. The covers of these sermons, by the way, are red, not blue or black.

A Miracle of African Missions. By John Bell. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents, net.

John Bell, who is a Baptist missionary at Wathen, on the Congo, gives here the deeply affecting story of Matula, a Congo convert. Lurid light is incidentally thrown on the fearful condition of things in those dark regions, where cruelty and misery without alleviation are the rule rather than the exception. Matula was indeed a wonderful triumph of divine grace. He exhibited unswerving faithfulness to his Saviour under the bitterest persecutions, calm trustfulness in God in the prospect of immediate death, and utter fearlessness in the presence of the spite, treachery, and malice of his foes. He had a marvelous escape from their power and plots. Yet we question if it is well to call such things miracles, for such they certainly are not in the recognized meaning of that term. Nor is it well for the publishers to say on the cover: "No more wonderful story has ever appeared than this." The statement is not true. Such exaggerations awaken expecta-

FOUND OUT

What a Mother Found Out About Food

A mother found out what a change of food can do for a whole family, from the nursing baby to the adults, in this way: "Twice during the summer months my baby was taken violently ill and was very slow getting over the attacks. His former diet of cow's milk alone ceased to agree with him so I combined it with an expensive infant's food, but he soon became very much constipated.

"Then I shifted to Grape-Nuts food and found that this was just what baby needed, adding it to his milk after softening in hot water. Baby has thrived upon this food, and is now healthy and strong and chubby as any mother could ask, which you know is saying a great deal.

"It did not take me long to find out that a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream is just what is needed by the tired, nervous mother, and I have also proved to my own satisfaction that when the children are old enough to chew Grape-Nuts it is far better for them than oatmeal or any other mushy foods, for it develops the teeth and helps their digestion, and their minds seem much brighter and more active too.

"Truly here is a wonderful food, and one for the entire family." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

tions which cannot be realized, and there is a reaction of disappointment and disgust.

The Temptation of Jesus: A Study of Our Lord's Trial in the Wilderness. By A. Morris Stewart, M. A. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, \$1.25, net.

Avoiding critical questions and purely theological discussion, the author aims at securing the practical good of his readers by drawing out the helpful lessons in this important part of our Lord's life. He takes, on the whole, what must be called a very literal view of things, considering that Jesus was "carried really and bodily to the Holy City" by Satan, and that He was put upon a high mountain. Yet he has to admit that there is no mountain which commands such a prospect, and explains it as "a miraculous flash of sight." He thinks, also, that Satan's offer was real and *bona fide*; that "in a profound and most important sense this world belongs to Satan." There will, of course, continue to be differences of opinion on some of these points. But the book, on the whole, is one of high excellence.

Ethel in Fairyland. By Edith Rebecca Bolster. Lothrop Publishing Company: Boston. Price, \$1, net.

This is an allegory, instructive as well as amusing. Ethel has a dream, in which she meets common faults dressed as persons and talks with them—Madam Discretion, Unkind Ness, Mr. Thoughtless, and Greed, Envy, Badd Temper, Selfishness, and others. It produced a great impression upon her, and wrought quite a revolution in her character. The story is written in a pleasing way and handsomely illustrated in colors.

The Lord's Prayer for Children. By Martha K. Lawton. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents, net.

"Dedicated to the kindergarten of the North Baptist Church Sunday-school, Camden, N. J., where I first had the joy of teaching little children the meaning of prayer." There are nine illustrations, together with a number of songs, and a closing "Word to Mothers and Teachers," who will certainly derive benefit from this example of the best way to make these great truths plain to the little ones.

Magazines

In the *Contemporary Review* for August we have able papers on "Pope Leo XIII.," "Russia, Manchuria and Mongolia," "The Real Froude," "The Liberal Movement in the Church of England," "Mr. Chamberlain's Balloon," and "Germany and Pan-Germany." The last is unsigned, but is evidently by an Englishman, who declares: "The German conception of a greater Germany in South America is going to fail; for Americans would never tolerate it. German power has arisen too late in the world to outstrip America. On the creation of a great American fleet the fate of South America depends. And Americans are aware of it; aware, too, that in proportion as it grows, Germany's hopes fall, and that in its existence lies one of the greatest possible securities for the maintenance of the British Empire."

Epworth Organs are extra sweet toned



—extra durable too.

Besides, our method of selling direct, on trial, at the factory price is a great advantage. You save the middle dealers profit and are sure to be suited or the organ comes back at our expense.

Send for Catalogue to-day. Mention this paper. Williams Organ & Piano Co., 57 Washington St., Chicago.



FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. BELLS HAVE FURNISHED 25,000 CHURCH, SCHOOL & OTHER BELL. MENEELY & CO. PUREST RES. GENUINE WEST-TROY, N. Y. SELF-META. CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE

DEAR MADAM: Please Read My Free Offer



Words of Wisdom to Sufferers from a Lady of Notre Dame, Indiana.

I send free of charge to every sufferer this great Woman Remedy, with full instructions, description of my past sufferings and how I permanently cured myself.

You Can Cure Yourself at Home Without the Aid of a Physician.

It costs nothing to try this remedy once, and if you desire to continue its use, it will cost you only twelve cents a week. It does not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it; that is all I ask. It cures everybody, young or old.

If you feel bearing down pains as from approaching danger, pain in the back and bowels, creeping so-called female complaint, then write to Mrs. M. Summers, Notre Dame, Ind., for her free treatment and full instructions. Like myself thousands have been cured by it. I send it in a plain envelope.

Mothers and Daughters will learn of a simple family remedy, which quickly and thoroughly cures female complaints of every nature. It saves worry and expense and the unpleasantness of having to reveal your condition to others. Vigor, health and happiness result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well-known ladies in your neighborhood, who know and will testify that this family remedy cures all troubles peculiar to their sex, strengthens the whole system and makes healthy and strong women. Write to-day, as this offer may not be made again.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 193, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

(Leonard Scott Publication Company: New York.)

—The *Nineteenth Century and After* for August discusses "Charles Reade's Novels," "Benjamin Jowett," "The Bane of Borrowing," "The Lost Art of Singing," "The Japanization of China," "The Fiscal Policy of Germany," "Civilization and Babylon," "Free Trade," Canada as "The Granary of the Empire," and other such solid subjects. (Leonard Scott Publication Company: 7 and 9 Warren St., New York.)

—The special features of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for September are "The New Pope," by W. T. Stead, with portrait; an illustrated article on "The Conclave and the Pope," by Talcott Williams; a sketch of the late Frederick William Hollis, of the Hague Tribunal, with portrait; a profusely illustrated article on "The Cotton Crop of Today," by Richard H. Edmonds; an account of the renomination of President Diaz of Mexico, with portrait; articles on "The Race Problem in the United States," by Dr. Lyman Abbott, and on "The Negro Problem in South Africa," by Arthur Hawkes; and "The New Movement for Religious Education," by Dean Sanders, of Yale University. In the editorial department, "The Progress of the World," for this month, foreign affairs are treated with the *Review's* customary thoroughness. (Review of Reviews Co.: New York City.)

—Noteworthy in the September *Century* is a tribute to the character of Leo XIII. by Cardinal Gibbons; the continuation of "Chapters from my Diplomatic Life," by Andrew D. White; a description of Mt. Pelee's new spine by Edmund Otis Hovey; "Heroes in Black Skins," by Booker T. Washington; the "First Ascent of Mt. Assiniboin," "The Horse in America," the "Berlin Bourse," and "Results of the Twelfth Census," by W. R. Merriam, its director. The first editorial is in praise of Booker Washington as a wise leader of his people. (Century Company: New York.)

—Lippincott's for September has a complete novel by Burton Egbert Stevenson, entitled, "The Blade that Won;" "Avowals," by George Moore, being the first of a new series of "Confessions of a Young Man;" and the usual number of short stories. (J. B. Lippincott Co.: Philadelphia.)

—Out West for August treats of "Pelzotto and his Work," "The Rainbow Trout and its Home," "Hop Picking in the Pleasanton Valley," "An Old English Play in California," "Early English Voyages to the Pacific Coast of America," and continues the discussion of "Bullying the Quaker Indians." (Out West Company: Los Angeles, Cal.)

—The July number of the *Records of the Past* has articles on "Rock Sculptures at Nahr-el-Kelb," "The Bronze Hermes from Antiky-

thera," and "The Cahokia Mounds." In the editorial notes the "Rock Tombs in Asia Minor" and "Ruins in the State of Puebla, Mexico," are treated. (Records of the Past Exploration Company: 215 Third St., S. E., Washington, D. C.)

—Everybody's Magazine has an excellent line of articles in its September number—something for almost everybody—and many pieces very difficult for even the busiest to skip. Among them are: "The United States of Europe," "Radium and Human Life," "The Art of Getting to Sleep," "The First Woman Ambulance Surgeon," "The New Open Golf Champion," "The Unemployed Rich," "Joseph Pulitzer, the Man who Revolutionized American Journalism," and "Five Hundred Trains a Day"—a description of the work in the tower house at the New York Central yards in New York city. There are also some good stories and passable poems. (Ridgway-Thayer Company: 31 East 17th St., New York.)

—The August issue of *Photo Era* is a Marine Number, presenting some exquisite marine photographs, including such subjects as: "On the Jersey Coast," "A Good Breeze," "Sunlit Surf," "A Trial of Speed," "Light-Ship in Fog," "Shamrock III," "Reliance," "The Golden Clouds of Evening," "A Dutch Courtship," "Coming of the Storm," "Off Sandy Hook," "An American Tar," "Fog Lifting," "A Seven-Master," "The Waves and the Rocks," "Along the Fish Wharves." The artistic photographic frontispiece—"Eventide," by H. A. Latimer—was engraved photographically on steel by the John Andrews Company, from an excellent carbon print. (Photo Era Publishing Co.: 170 Summer St., Boston.)

—Donahoe's for August is a memorial number for the late Pope Leo XIII., the extended article upon his life and work being profusely illustrated with fine photographs of the dead pontiff and other views in and about the Vatican, constituting an issue of very great value to Catholic readers. Other contributions of interest include: "Dispossessed Americans," "The Irish Party in the House of Commons," "Sir Charles Gavan Duffy," "Leaves from the Log of a Ship's Surgeon," with stories and other miscellany. (Donahoe's Magazine Co.: Boston.)

—The *Methodist Magazine and Review* for September presents an admirably illustrated article on "Norway," by Professor Coleman, and also one on "Spain," entitled "Under Castilian Skies." Canadian interests are emphasized in the "Romance of the Red River Settlement," and "The Underground Railway," by the editor, and "Canada's Destiny," by Rev. F. A. Wightman. Mrs. Lander has a vivid article, "Distinguished Persons I have Met." The story of a great Puritan, Richard Baxter, is more fascinating than fiction. The missionary article is on "Africa and its Outlook." (William Briggs: Toronto.)

New York Letter

Continued from Page 1115

we breathed out along the leafy banks of a laughing rural stream on a smiling summer day recently. Why not, do you ask? The answer is too easy for anything. They can't have the environment, the atmosphere, the stimulation. Impossible!

And who takes in nature through eye and ear and mouth and nostril, yea, through every pore of his body, till in streams she flows through every avenue of his being, as does the man who is fishing out in the green woods? Yes, let us fish whenever we can. And we'll grow wise for our vocation of catching men by the training we get in taking the finny fighters from the water. And it is no exaggeration to state that it is always the best and biggest fish that gets away. How could it be otherwise? Is he not stronger and braver and more daring than the fish that are caught, else he also would be taken in an evil time? In picking berries out in the woods how often we have noted that it is the very biggest, finest, ripest berries that fall and are lost as your lightest touch shakes the bushes. And in your revival services, brother, it is often the choicest fish, that you were bent on catching, that escapes your hook.

The matter of taking care of our churches during the vacation season is a problem not over easy in its solution. In many of our Methodist churches not a service is closed or sidetracked during the summer months. Why should they be? Three-fourths of the people are at home during the greater part of the heated season. Let them be well served, and let the meetings be made as attractive as they possibly can. Nothing is too good for the stay-at-home brigade of faithful ones in the Lord's army. Many churches are supplied by adjacent pastors of good ability. The plan is to have variety, a different preacher each Sunday in August. A few churches have assistant pastors who take charge of the church and all of its details and duties while the chief pastor is away. Quite a number of churches get a Drew student to fill the pulpit on Sundays and to be on hand all of the week between for such services as may be necessary. In a few rare cases in this corner of the earth it is becoming the rule in late years to combine a group of contiguous churches of different denominations and worship as one congregation during one or two months of the summer time. Usually some gifted preacher from some other section of the



IN THE LIBRARY

It is curious that it is so difficult to procure a satisfactory Library Table.

We offer this season the results of a careful study of this special need. The pattern here shown is merely chosen at random to illustrate several similar types or styles.

The top here measures 42 inches in diameter. The wood is Tabasco Mahogany, the toughest fibre of all mahogany; it is grown at a high altitude on

the mountains, and its gnarled, twisted veins have a wondrous beauty.

Not alone for its distinction of shape, but as an example of cross banded work, this table is notable.

Paine Furniture Co.

Wall Paper, Rugs, and Furniture
48 CANAL ST., BOSTON

country is secured to take this conglomerate pulpit at a good round fee. This new plan has some advantages. It secures preaching of a high order and develops in some slight degree the spirit of fraternity. But it may be counterbalanced on this wise: It is quite difficult to get men with sufficient fame to draw an audience in this Greater New York region. At best a man may have a little fame in his own denomination. People do not feel under the same obligation to attend these joint services as they would to attend separate meetings in their own church. In the aggregate a much smaller number of people hear the Gospel on this union basis. And not nearly so many people are worked and loaded with responsibility as if meetings were held in each separate church. Usually more people will come out to services with a new preacher each Sunday.

As we worshiped on a recent Sunday at a Methodist camp-ground where the summer-resort idea cuts a pretty broad swath, we could but notice some incongruous ideas. Just in front of an earnest gospel sermon there was a jaunty parade of notices that would tend to make an old-fashioned Methodist dizzy. The cultivated layman who read these notices added appropriate remarks as he proceeded. He announced certain changes that were to take place in the local railroad time-table, laid stress on an approaching baseball match between rival teams, emphasized a gala parade, and called special attention to a Punch and Judy show to be given on the grounds that week.

After all, is it not a pretty difficult thing to drive in double harness this sort of a Methodist team — a straight camp-meeting and a modern, up-to-date summer resort? What is to be the outcome of this strange union who can tell? The devout camp-meeting wants to go to the means of grace and the summer resort doesn't. He wants to play golf. The camp-meeting association prohibits all games during the days of the continuance of the meeting. The outsider objects to this and kicks a high and worldly kick; and he retaliates by utterly refusing to attend the services. So there is a widening breach. How shall it be healed? Or is it to be widened?

We have just learned of the quite serious illness of Rev. Dr. Millard, presiding elder of the New York District. A difficult operation has been performed and for a time the outcome was rather uncertain. The latest news we have is that he is slowly rally-

ing, with good hopes of a full recovery. During the past year or so Dr. Millard has worked incessantly day and night, even when warned that his health was waning. How difficult a thing it is for an energetic man to slow up!

Rev. William H. Morgan, D. D., of Central Church, Newark, N. J., has recently taken to himself a wife, and they are now upon their wedding tour along the banks of the St. Lawrence.

New York City Excursion — \$5 Round Trip
Oct. 1, via Boston & Maine R. R.

Of all the beautiful trips which are yearly offered, the annual excursion via the Boston & Maine Railroad to New York city is foremost. This trip is via the famous Hoosac Tunnel route through the Hoosac Mountains along the Deerfield Valley and the Berkshire Hills, through a grand portion of Eastern New York State to Albany, N. Y. A royal welcome will be extended at Albany, and special preparations have been made to entertain the visitors. From Albany, N. Y., the trip is via the steamer down the Hudson River. No painter can portray, neither can any description do justice to the scene which meets one's gaze. A succession of interesting places, historical landmarks, scenic landscapes, mountains, valleys, caves and cliffs, palisades and forts, all are passed, and then when one enters the Sound, what a sight, strange and interesting, meets the gaze! The view of New York harbor in the early morning is a scene impressive and interesting. Hundreds of crafts, sailing yachts, row-boats, tugs, fishing smacks and ocean liners are all playing their busy part. The beautiful steamer docks at Desbrosses Street Pier and sight-seeing in the city of New York commences. Go where you please, there are a hundred, yes, a thousand, points of interest in the metropolis.

Leaving New York, the return trip to Boston is via the Fall River Line and to Providence and Worcester via the Providence Line steamers.

The rate is \$5 for the round trip from Boston, Worcester and Providence. The train leaves Boston at 8:55 A. M., Oct. 1, arriving in Albany, N. Y., at 3:40 P. M. You can take the night boat for New York city, which leaves at 8 P. M. down the Hudson, and arrive in New York at 6 A. M., Oct. 2; or you can stop one night in Albany, visit the interesting places in that city, and take the day line boat to New York city, leaving Albany at 8 A. M., Oct. 2, arriving in New York at 6 that night. You can leave New York, Oct. 2 or 3, via the Fall River Line for Boston, or, if you desire to stop longer in New York, upon depositing your ticket with \$2 at the dock office of the Fall River Line, the limit will be extended ten days.

Round-trip tickets will be on sale at 322 Washington St., Boston, and at Union Station Ticket Office. Tickets will be on sale on and after Sept. 23.

If Constipated

use



"It's Reliable"; been in use since 1844.
"It's Effervescent"; just the thing for hot weather.
"It's Non-Irritant"; contains no narcotic or dangerous drug.
"It's Pleasant"; a nice Remedy for nice people.

It Relieves Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, in the most effective, common sense way.

At Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00, or by mail from

THE TARRANT CO.,
21 Jay Street, New York.

THE HILLS

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

Above the murky plains of life,
Above the moaning and the strife,
I gladly lift my longing eyes
To Him who all my need supplies.

Below, our vision is not clear;
Below, our hearts are filled with fear;
But up where God in grandeur dwells
He every lowering cloud dispels.

For there we breathe a purer air;
An ampler ether, sweet and rare,
Surrounds the trusting, sheltered souls,
And all the storms His hand controls.

From harm of sun or moon preserved,
And for life's grandest service nerved,
The heart on the eternal hills
Abides secure from earthly ills.

— Henry Alexander Lavelly.

A WANDERER'S WANDERINGS

III

REV. O. S. BAKETEL.

Field Worker of Sunday School Union.

THE wanderer still wanders over the country. One thing has been made clear: Our people know about the work of Missions, Church Extension, Preachers' Aid, etc., but next to nothing of the Sunday School Union and its work. In many churches the collection, if taken at all, is in connection with several others. In many instances the pastor puts in a dollar, and avoids the crucifixion of taking a collection. The field-worker system is the introduction of a new era into this great movement of the church. It is being gladly welcomed. The writer has been most cordially received, and his coming reckoned for good to the church. With a thousand Methodist Churches in New England, it will take a long time to get around even once. One of the difficulties is in making week-night appointments. If all could be done on Sundays, it would insure a much greater income for the work; but this cannot be arranged. Week-day work must be done. A series of Sunday-school conferences ought to be held, lasting an afternoon and an evening, or longer if desired. These can be made of much profit. Already there are signs of an awakening interest, and we doubt not it will increase.

Since the last writing quite a territory has been covered. Much of it was in New Hampshire. A hearing was given us at Warren, East Colebrook, East Columbia, Pittsburgh, Beecher Falls, Canaan (Vt.), Colebrook, South Columbia, Groveton, Stark, Crystal, Epping, Newfields, Greenland, Portsmouth, Baker Memorial, Concord First, Salem Depot, Lisbon, Littleton, Swiftwater, Woodsville, Hillsboro Bridge and Centre, and Antrim. All this was old ground. The service hardly seemed complete without calling the quarterly conference together. But we were reminded that that was no part of our business!

For some time our eyes have been turned toward Maine. It has been a little difficult to find an open door, but finally Presiding

Elder Jones of the East Maine Conference set the door ajar, and said, "Work your way in." We proceeded to work, and out of ten places suggested were cordially welcomed into nine. If you are acquainted with the geography between Bath and Camden, and then had seen our itinerary, you would have smiled either at our love of travel, or willingness to pay carfare to the Maine Central. No doubt we traveled one hundred miles more than was necessary by reason of ignorance of the location of towns. Next time will try to get things straight enough to save some money. The places visited were Woolwich, Sheepscot, Wiscasset, Waldoboro, Union, Thomaston, Rockland, Rockport and Camden. At the last place we indulged our proclivity for mountain climbing, by making the ascent of Mount Battie. It is a very easy climb, and gives a most beautiful view of Penobscot Bay, with its many islands.

We found every church loyal to our Sunday-school publications; and while it is vacation time and many are absent, there seemed to be a good interest. Most of the schools have Cradle Rolls and Home Departments, and some were planned for while we were there. The preachers we met are wide-awake, stirring men — certainly a credit to any Conference. Many interesting incidents might be written of the work as it develops; but we are subject to the mercy of the editor, and if he is willing we may write more later.

The "Era of Young Men"

From the Springfield Republican.

THE Schwab episode in the history of the Steel Trust did much to spread the idea that this is "the era of young men." Here was a young man not yet forty at the head of the greatest corporation in the world. Even Mr. Schwab's rapid collapse has done little to shatter the impression that the world is for young men, and that young men shall run the world. It is now noted in some quarters as significant of "the young man era" that the new head of the Carnegie Steel Company, the greatest of the subsidiary companies in the trust, is only thirty years of age. Whenever a young man rises to high place in industry, commerce or public affairs, there are those who say that this indeed is the era of young men.

Whatever may be the truth in the steel business, it is certain that this is no more the era of young men than many eras, so-called, in the past have been. In all periods youth has been a powerful factor in the progress of mankind. Alexander conquered the civilized world before he was thirty; Pitt was prime minister of England at twenty-four; Alexander Hamilton was Washington's finance minister at thirty-two. Some of the celebrated examples of enormous activity at an early age in life, in past times, really make the achievements of our modern youth seem small. Compare the illustrious Schwab with Napoleon, who conquered Italy at twenty-six. If the Napoleonic age, including the leaders of the French Revolution, was not an era of young men, then there never was one in the history of the world. It may be that special periods make special demands upon the activity of the younger generation, as in times of revolutionary change or very rapid expansion of the energies of the race. Undoubtedly there are tasks for which the vigor of youth is peculiarly adapted, and, by a natural selective process, those tasks are often performed by men not yet in middle life. Yet it would be fallacious to assume that only in our own time has the special quality of youth been recognized. In certain lines of work and under certain

conditions it has always been easy to believe that the very errors of strong and ardent youth were more instructive and profitable than the wisdom of older minds.

Nor is it true that the present time is really dominated by young men in any such sense as some superficial observers suppose. In the most noted illustration of the supremacy of young men, the Steel Trust, what is the actual situation? Are not the real masters of that concern men of advanced years — men like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Morgan, who can make and unmake managers, superintendents and presidents at will? All through the business organization of America, who are the masters, young men or "old"? Mr. Rockefeller can hardly be called a young man. The presidents of the great New York banks are not young men. The presidents of the great railroad systems are not, as a rule, under forty-five. Mr. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania railroad is sixty-four. In politics there is room for very able young men at the top; yet, despite Mr. Roosevelt, it will be conceded that the most powerful group of men in the United States Government are a number of United States senators whose ages run from sixty to seventy-five. The Roman Catholic Church, one of the most remarkable organizations on earth, has lately lost a Pope at the age of 93, and gained a new one whose years number almost seventy. Old men, so-called, run the papacy.

It is a false assumption, too, that, in the past, periods of action have always brought young men to the front. The creator of modern Germany, Bismarck, was by no means "young" when he contemplated the results of Sedan; nor was Von Moltke, the great soldier of the modern German empire. Cavour was by no means in his teens when he liberated Italy from the Austrian yoke. Robert E. Lee, the pre-eminent soldier of the Confederacy, was nearly sixty in the war; and Farragut fought his battle of Mobile Bay at sixty-three. Christopher Columbus, to be sure, discovered America when he was approaching fifty, but evidently forty is now considered the "dead line" between youth and old age by some of our modern interpreters of life.

It is with no purpose to discourage youth that these observations are made. Youth is glorious in its strength, its optimism, its buoyancy. But sometimes it gets a "swelled head." This is very apt to be the case with young men who achieve conspicuous worldly success without the long and dreary drudgery of a lifetime. The young Disraeli exemplified this class when he wrote to his sister: "When I want to read a good book I write one." It is just as well to correct the impression that long experience, the ripe wisdom of advancing years, the severe training and discipline of the maturer manhood no longer count, and, count heavily, in this world, whatever a man's work may be. Every country needs its older generation for leadership, guidance and counsel; the country that does not have that advantage may go up like a rocket, but it will come down like a stick.

\$2 to Centre Harbor, Lake Winnepesaukee,
Saturday, Sept. 5. Sixty-mile Sail
over the Lake

September 5 the annual excursion to Lake Winnepesaukee from Boston will take place. The round trip rate is \$2. This includes the sail of sixty miles around the lake. You can secure a good dinner on board the steamer.

Special train via the Boston & Maine Railroad will leave Boston at 8.20 A. M.

Tickets will be on sale at City Ticket Office, 322 Washington Street, until 5 P. M. Sept. 4, and at Union Station Ticket Office until departure of train.

IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism

when drugs and doctors fail to cure you, write to me, and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy which cured me and thousands of others, among them cases of over 50 years standing. This is no humbug or deception but an honest remedy, which enabled many a person to abandon crutch and cane. Address, JOHN A. SMITH, 2461 Germania Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE CONFERENCES

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Norwich District

Willimantic Camp-meeting.—A great success from all standpoints—numerically, financially, and (best of all) spiritually—is the unanimous verdict of those who were privileged to attend the 48d annual camp-meeting at Willimantic, August 17-24. Notwithstanding a straight business arrangement between Presiding Elder Bartholomew and the brother who advertised himself as authorized to make engagements for Rev. E. P. Telford, of England, the much-advertised evangelist failed to appear, or to send any explanation of his absence. The failure of help from abroad only drove the people to more earnest prayer and faith for help from above; and, surely, the God of all grace and power did not disappoint us. The Holy Spirit was a manifest presence in every service, and Dr. Bartholomew, as His willing servant, was used, as only God can use the willing instrument, in conducting wisely and effectively the altar services, and in preaching, with great power, the closing sermon on Sunday evening, in answer to the question: "What must I do to inherit eternal life?" Seekers were in evidence almost from the start, and increased with each service up to Sunday night, when an altar service of remarkable power and blessing (following the elder's sermon) brought many seekers to the altar, and they were all "prayed through" to the happy experience of transgressions forgiven and sins covered.

Dr. C. H. Mead, of New York, set the keynote of the meeting in the opening sermon, Monday evening, on the "Supremacy of Love." Rev. Dr. Isaac L. Wood, of Wesleyan University, and Dr. W. A. Richards, presiding elder of New Haven District, were providentially led to visit the meeting, and they both preached in demonstration of the Holy Spirit. Dr. C. M. Melden, of Providence, was a new voice to many of the people here. His strong and convincing sermon from the text, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also," held the undivided attention of the great congregation. Dr. John Kraniz, of New York, lifted all hearts Godward on Sunday morning as he unfolded our heavenly citizenship. The many friends of Prof. Lyman G. Horton, of East Greenwich Academy, were delighted to see and hear him again. He did us good. Two recent transfers from East Maine Conference demonstrated their apostleship by effective service.—Rev. W. H. Dunnack, of Warehouse Point, preaching on Tuesday evening, and Rev. R. E. Smith, of Hazardville, on Friday and Sunday afternoons.

The preachers of the district gave earnest and hearty co-operation to the magnificent work of the presiding elder; and those who were called upon to preach were greatly helped of God and used by the Holy Spirit (I know of no higher praise). The following are the names of the preachers in the order of their service: Dr. C. H. Mead, 1 Cor. 13: 13; J. H. Allen, 2 Tim. 1: 12; W. H. Dunnack, Psalm 8: 6; C. H. Van Natter, Heb. 1: 1; G. W. Elmer, Matt. 28: 18; Walter Eln, Romans 12: 1; Dr. Isaac L. Wood, 1 John 3: 2; Dr. C. M. Melden, Acts 17: 6; W. F. Davis, Luke 12: 20; L. G. Horton, 2 Cor. 5: 18-20; R. E. Smith, Heb. 6: 10; Jacob Betts, Acts 3: 19; F. L. Brooks, Heb. 9: 13-14; J. H. Newland, Acts 17: 11; Dr. W. T. Richards, John 3: 7; Dr. John Kraniz, Phil. 3: 20; R. E. Smith, Romans 1: 16; Dr. Bartholomew, Luke 18: 18.

August 16 was observed as Missionary Sunday, and large congregations were in attendance both morning and afternoon. Miss F. J. Russell, of Camden, S. C., represented very effectively the work of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, and Mrs. Mary Scott Badley was gladly listened to as she set forth the needs and possibilities of the foreign field under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Epworth League.—The annual convention of the District Epworth League was held on the camp-ground, Monday, Aug. 17, Rev. H. E. Murrett presiding. About 500 were present. Helpful and inspiring addresses were delivered by Revs. R. E. Smith and O. M. Caward. The reports from district officers and League delegates showed that some good work is being done, but there is large room for improvement before the League reaches its maximum of

efficiency. The new officers, elected are: President, J. R. D. Oldham, of Moosup; vice-presidents, George W. Guard, New London, F. M. Bennett, Putman, C. H. Adams, Norwich; secretary, J. C. Kenney, Hookanum; treasurer, F. C. Presbrey, Rockville; superintendent of Junior work, Mrs. T. J. Everett, Westerly.

Rockville.—God is setting His seal upon the faithful and efficient labors of the pastor, Rev. W. P. Buck. In July he baptized 15 adults and 4 infants, and received 25 on probation and 4 by letter. In August, 5 infants were baptized, 8 persons received into full membership, and 2 on probation.

SCRIPTUM.

New Bedford District

Fall River, Quarry St.—August 2, the pastor, Rev. E. J. Ayres, received 1 man on probation, baptized 2 children, and received 15 persons in full connection from probation. Nearly \$1,000 has been raised to reduce the indebtedness. All departments of the church are in good condition. Mr. Ayres had a month's vacation.

Nantucket.—Work here has been moving slowly but surely under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. J. O. Ritter, who is serving this charge for the fourth year. On the evening of May 24 the Epworth League held well-attended anniversary exercises. Memorial Day services were held in the church in the evening, in charge of the veterans. Children's Day was observed, June 21, in charge of the superintendent, Mrs. M. F. Coffin. July 22, the Sunday-school held a picnic at Sconset, about 200 attending. August 9, Dr. G. M. Hamlen spoke in the interest of his work in the South, and in the evening Mrs. Hamlen told of her school. August 12, the W. C. T. U. held their county convention here. Miss Marie C. Brehm, State president of Illinois, a very eloquent speaker, spoke in the Methodist Church, the evening of August 16, upon the Good Samaritan—an excellent temperance sermon. Subscriptions and collections having been taken the last two years for the repairing of this old church, the work has now commenced and is progressing finely. Although this is a summer resort, and there is much to occupy attention and time, yet the social means of grace are well attended and a good spiritual interest prevails. Three have been recommended for full connection in the church.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Concord District

Weirs Camp-meeting.—A very successful session of the Winnepesaukee camp-meeting was held at the Weirs, N. H., Aug. 17-22. This growing resort has become the summer home of a large number of people, and with its lake and mountain scenery and excellent railroad and steamboat facilities makes an ideal resting-place. It has been the home of the Winnepesaukee camp-meeting now for thirty-one seasons, many profitable meetings having been held here by the Methodists of Concord District, and but few more so than the one this summer. The Tabernacle, occupied for the second season, is greatly appreciated by the people. They wonder now what they used to do in stormy weather. Well, judging by the attendance, many stayed at home. This finely-lighted and comfortably-seated room makes a splendid place for the evening services, all of which are held there now. A larger number of people were on the grounds than usual this season, and the attendance on all the meetings was excellent. The weather, with the exception of Thursday, was all that could be desired. The meetings were interesting and profitable. Many testified at the love-feast that they had been helped, and at the Thursday evening service under Dr. L. B. Bates several expressed a desire to lead a Christian life. All regretted the absence of Presiding Elder G. M. Curl, who was confined to his home by sickness; but encouraging reports of his condition were received during the meeting, and it is believed that, with the leave of absence until Oct. 1, granted him at the district stewards' meeting, he will be fully fitted for work again. The preachers of the district have agreed to hold all his quarterly conferences for him during that time. Rev. Roscoe Sanderson acted in his stead, and had full charge of the meeting, proving himself a very efficient leader. The singing was in charge of Rev. A. L. Smith, with Mr. Burnham, of Penacook, as organist, assisted by a very efficient chorus choir. The morning

hour was occupied profitably by a general prayer-meeting at 8.30.

The following ministers preached in the order indicated: Revs. J. E. Sweet, Ashland; C. L. Corliss, Bristol; A. L. Smith, Penacook; James Cairns, Concord; G. B. Goodrich, Monroe; John T. Hooper, Haverhill, Mass.; E. C. Strout, Concord; William Ramsden, Bethlehem; J. M. Leonard, D. D., presiding elder of Lynn District, New England Conference; L. B. Bates, Boston; C. N. Tilton, Lisbon; C. E. Eaton, North Haverhill; W. A. Loyne, Woodsville. Dr. J. M. Leonard preached a powerful sermon Thursday morning from John 1: 29, and Dr. L. B. Bates preached a stirring sermon in the afternoon from Matt. 14: 14, and in the evening from the theme, "A Wonderful Prayer-meeting." The work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was ably presented by Dr. Emma C. Park, a returned missionary from India, and the work of the Woman's Home Missionary Society by Mrs. A. H. Webb.

Wednesday was Epworth League Day, a helpful occasion, opening with a sunrise prayer-meeting led by the district president of the League, Rev. C. L. Corliss. A special League service was held at 8.30, conducted also by the district president, when the following topics were presented: Rev. John Cairns, "The Social Work of the League;" Rev. E. C. Strout, "The Literary Work of the League;" Rev. J. A. Bowler, "The Spiritual Work of the League." The sermons during the day by Rev. E. C. Strout, Rev. John T. Hooper, and Rev. Wm. Ramsden were along lines of practical Christian work and well adapted to League workers.

The children's hour at 4 o'clock each day was in charge of Rev. J. A. Bowler, of the New England Conference, who interested the children, both old and young, in a pleasing series of "chalk talks"—a line of work in which he has for many years been very successful. Not many have the power to make their picture grow before your eyes and tell its own story as can Mr. Bowler.

The love-feast on Friday morning was led by Rev. W. C. Bartlett, and was a precious season, a large number taking part in the service. One brother said he had not missed a camp-meeting

A NEW ROUTE

The Road to Wellville

It is by change of diet that one can get fairly on the road to health after years of sickness, for most ill health comes from improper feeding.

What a boon it is to shake off coffee sickness and nervous headaches as some can if determined upon.

One woman accomplished it in this way: "A few years ago I suffered terribly from sick and nervous headaches, being frequently confined to my bed two or three days at a time, the attacks coming on from one to four times in every month. I tried medicines of all kinds, but could get no real relief until my parents finally persuaded me to quit the use of coffee altogether and try Postum Food Coffee. It had come to a point where I was so utterly miserable that I was willing to make any reasonable trial.

"A person couldn't believe what followed, but the results speak for themselves; that was two and a half years ago, and I have never tasted coffee since. I use Postum not only for its delicious flavor, but more for the good it has done me. All of my troubles disappeared as if by magic, and I have for the past two years been doing all the work for my family of six. I seldom have even a slight headache, and I would not give up my Postum and go back to coffee now unless I deliberately intended to commit suicide.

"All of my neighbors, it seems to me, now use Postum in place of coffee, and some of them have been doing so for several years with splendid results from the health point of view." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

or a love-feast since the meeting was established at the Weirs.

The people returned to their homes feeling that no better meeting had been held at the Weirs for a number of years.

R. T. WOLCOTT, Sec.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Portland District

Alfred.— Aside from farming, about the only business carried on in this town is civil and criminal, it being York county seat. The pastor, Rev. W. H. Varney, was appointed to this charge last spring and was gladly received. Good congregations attend the Sunday morning services. The pastor's wife is especially interested in the welfare of the children, whom she is delighted to train in the Junior League. The parsonage has been painted and papered throughout, and bears the impress of the pastor's skillful hand. It is a delightful home, with abundant land for lawn and garden. This is one of the many fields where a revival of religion is the only solution of the problem of the continued existence of the life of the church. May this year witness a gracious ingathering!

Peak's Island.— This indeed is a "gem of the ocean," one of the most delightful spots in Casco Bay. Our church is finely located, and is attractive and in good repair. Large congregations worship here in the summer months, as many of the visitors make this their church home. Rev. D. R. Ford and wife were royally received. About 200 calls were made during the quarter. The pastor, being crafty, caught the people with gulls, and presented the cause of missions and the claims of the superannuates, and gave the summer visitors an opportunity to help swell the collections, which they did.

B. C. W.

Augusta District

Fairfield.— A very pleasant home wedding occurred at the Methodist parsonage on Western avenue, Wednesday evening, Aug. 12, when Rev. G. R. Palmer performed the ceremony which made his daughter, Sara E., the wife of Mr. Forrest Adams, of Natick, Mass. Only the immediate relatives witnessed the ceremony. Arthur Palmer, a brother of the bride, was best man, and her sister, Miss Florence Palmer, maid of honor, with Miss Alice Owen, of Auburn, and Miss Cecelia Doe, of Somerville, Mass., bridesmaids. A reception was given from 7 to 9, which was largely attended. The entire house was beautifully decorated. The bride is the older daughter of Rev. and Mrs. G. R. Palmer, and has been for several years a very successful teacher in Massachusetts. The groom is a lawyer—one of the well-known firm of Tirrell, Adams & Tirrell, of Boston. The wedding gifts were many and very handsome; the groom's gift to the bride was the deed of a handsomely furnished house in Natick, where will be their future home.

Richmond Camp meeting.— The camp-meeting at Richmond, Me., closed Sunday, August 16. Rev. I. T. Johnson, of Johnson, Vt., was in

charge. It was a season ever to be remembered by all who attended. From the opening meeting, Aug. 7, to the close, the Spirit of God was manifestly present doing His almighty work both in justifying and sanctifying. It was pronounced by all the best meeting ever held on the ground. The spirit of love and unity which marked each service was a matter for great rejoicing. Different denominations were represented in the preachers and congregations, but it would be impossible for an observer to tell which was which. Our Lord's Prayer found answer in the oneness of the disciples. Scores were converted, and other scores were sanctified. Never was there stronger crying to God for mercy, and never happier faces when light broke in upon the soul.

The chief theme was "holiness." The path to this blessed state through justification and sanctification was made plain. It was proclaimed in Wesley style as the present heritage of God's people, and many believed and entered upon their blood-bought possessions. Rev. I. T. Johnson was ably assisted by ministers of the Conference who are in this experience—Messrs. Bryant, Sherman, Rich, Norcross and the presiding elder, Rev. Harlan P. Smith, of Boston, preached each day during the meetings, and Fred W. Domina, of Montgomery, Vt., gave great help by his faithful presentation of truth. The cottages were all filled, and many who came for rest and pleasure went away with rest of soul and drinking from rivers of pleasure of which they had not known before. Under the leadership of Mr. Johnson, ably assisted by his devoted wife, the Richmond camp-meetings are coming up. On the tabernacle debt \$150 were contributed, leaving only \$100 to be cleared off next year. There is reason to expect that this meeting will be the great summer gathering for Maine, for the theme is to be holiness. Maine people who desire to see a revival of holy living throughout the State will do well to come in touch with the Richmond camp-meeting.

H. P. S.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Bangor District

Littleton Camp-meeting.— This camp-meeting began at the advertised time, Saturday evening, Aug. 8. The opening service was made one of consecration and prayer. The program followed very closely old-fashioned methods of sermon, exhortation, and altar service. At nearly every meeting some one, and at some of the services several, asked the prayers of God's people. One day was given to the Epworth League. This was made John Wesley Day. Rev. W. W. Ogier, of Bangor, President Fellows, of the University of Maine, and Rev. W. J. Yates, of Bangor, made the addresses of the day. Two services of one day were given to the Aroostook County W. C. T. U. Miss Carrie Lee Carter, of Missouri, and Rev. A. S. Blabee, of Brunswick, were the speakers. Though the rain poured down all day, the white-ribboners were well represented, and a good day resulted.

The Bible readings and prayer meetings were full of blessing and power. Children's meetings were conducted each day at 4 o'clock. Nearly all of the children bore testimony to their knowledge of Christ. These meetings were in charge of Rev. C. H. Raupach, of Fort Fairfield, who proved skillful in this work. Especially efficient service was rendered as leader of the singing by Rev. L. G. March, of Woolwich. Several selections of his own composition were sung with pleasure and profit. Rev. F. Palladino presided with skill at the organ. The solo singing of Mrs. H. L. Wriston, of Springfield, Mass., was most highly appreciated. Rev. H. L. Wriston, of Springfield, Rev. J. D. Pickles, of Boston, Rev. E. M. Taylor, of Cambridge, Mass., and Rev. Thomas J. Deinhardt, of St. John, N. B., were the visiting brethren who took the services on the big Sundays. All rendered delightful service and would receive a hearty welcome if they should come again. The reports of rough crowds and rum at the meetings were many of them false, and all much exaggerated. Sheriff Lowlers and an efficient corps of police rendered almost perfect service in the care of the immense crowds.

Once more Littleton camp-meeting has passed into history, and we trust into history-making of the blessed sort that multiplies good to men. God bless the laymen who stand under the burden of this great meeting and purpose large things for Christ and His kingdom! It would be impossible to give any sort of idea

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines, and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges. They are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant-tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat. I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them. They cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

of the nearly two-score good sermons preached. All were good gospel messages, with no attempted fireworks. The following pastors and visitors were present and helpful in the work: Revs. D. B. Dow, R. A. Bolt, G. H. Hamilton, W. W. Ogier, B. W. Russell, L. G. March, O. S. Smith, L. L. Hanson, C. H. Raupach, M. F. Bridgman, A. D. Moore, R. Sutcliffe, W. J. Yates, S. A. Prince, I. G. Cheney, F. Palladino, G. J. Palmer, J. A. Weed, A. Harit, Jacob W. Price, N. B. Cook, H. W. Norton, C. Garland, G. E. Edgett, S. L. Hanson, C. L. Hatch, J. T. Moore, R. A. Colpitts, M. S. Hill, and D. B. Phelan; Revs. J. F. Haley and J. B. Howard, of Maine Conference, and Rev. Messrs. Stebbins and Turner from New Brunswick. Baptist, Free Baptist, Presbyterian, Christian, and Unitarian pastors were noted in the audience.

BRIGGS.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Springfield District

Chicopee Falls.— The pastor, Rev. F. J. Hale, with his family, has enjoyed a delightful vacation of four weeks, two of which were spent at Old Orchard and the other two at Massasoit Lake and Huntington. During his absence the pulpit has been regularly supplied, and every interest of the church has been faithfully conserved. The Methodist Church is the only Protestant church at the Falls that has not been closed during the month of August. Mr. Hale will resume his work next Sunday with renewed vigor and enthusiasm.

South Hadley Falls.— Notwithstanding there has been a strike in the paper mills which lasted ten weeks, the pastor has succeeded in raising \$250, and the trustees have had the church painted outside. In consideration of this large outlay and the shortage of funds owing to the strike, the pastor declined the vacation of two weeks, voted him by the board or at least offered to supply the pulpit at his own expense providing he was not there to preach himself. The church has been kept open all summer. Thus far in this Conference year the pastor has received his salary weekly, and all other bills have been paid promptly. In

APPENDICITIS

Cured Without Knife

Remarkable Discovery of a Positive Cure For This Fatal Disease.

FULL INFORMATION SENT FREE.

The rapid increase of appendicitis in recent years has occasioned in nearly every person a fear of this fatal disease. This fear has been increased by the painful and dangerous method of treatment by operation. The discovery of an absolutely certain cure and preventative has therefore been hailed with delight. The New York Journal of October 12, 1902, devoted a half page to a description of the remarkable discoveries of Dr. M. H. Thomas. Since that time the doctor has cured hundreds of cases. Thousands of people suffering from what they suppose to be a chronic stomach or bowel trouble are in reality afflicted with chronic appendicitis. Dangerous and fatal operations may be avoided by taking Dr. Thomas' treatment. It is a positive cure and an absolute preventative, endorsed by the highest medical authorities of both continents. For complete information and a valuable book on appendicitis address
DR. M. H. THOMAS, Box 11, Huntington, Ind.

conjunction with the pastor the Epworth League has had charge of the Sunday evening services. The work at Fairview is very promising. Rev. John Wriston is the successful pastor of both these churches.

Wilbraham.—The pastor, Rev. Arthur L. Howe, has not taken a vacation, but has spent the summer in diligent pastoral work with very encouraging results. The congregation, which is usually small in the summer, has steadily increased in numbers from 55 the first Sunday after Commencement to 102 last Sunday. A children's choir of twenty voices has been organized, which furnishes music during the vacation season. A new piano and new song-books have been secured, and the small chapel has been frescoed and refinished. The pastor took the annual Preachers' Aid collection on Aug. 23, to determine what might be done in the absence of the students, and the offerings, which is usually about \$5, reached \$35. Several young people will be received on probation early in September.

Westfield.—The pastor, Rev. Charles E. Davis, has returned from Sebago Lake in Maine, where, with Mrs. Davis and her mother, he spent three weeks in rest and recreation. The church is undergoing thorough repairs. It is being newly frescoed throughout. The organ, which was settling, is being overhauled, and a brick wall built for its support. Eight hundred yards of new carpet are to be laid in the auditorium, and the cushions are being made over at a cost of about \$1,000, the Ostermoor felt being used for this purpose. Presiding Elder Richardson preached on Aug. 30 while Mr. Davis was at Asbury Park Camp meeting discharging the duties of treasurer of that association. A grand reopening of the church is promised for the last Sunday of September or the first of October, with representative men of the church present to participate in the services.

Williamsburg.—A corrugated metal roof has been laid upon the church at a cost of \$163, and some interior repairs are contemplated as soon as money is forthcoming. The work is progressing pleasantly and successfully.

West Brookfield.—Special services are arranged for the week beginning Aug. 30, at which the pastor, Rev. Edmund D. Lupien, will be assisted by neighboring pastors. The Fifth District of the Epworth League will hold its annual convention at this church on Labor Day. On the following day the Three Rivers District will hold a Sunday-school convention at this place, with the morning service in the Congregational Church and the evening services in the Methodist Church. Rev. E. D. Lupien will conduct the devotions at the morning hour and lead the singing in the evening.

Shelburne Falls.—Funds have been raised to place electric lights in the church. A deep spiritual interest obtains, and there are evidences of a good fall work. Rev. H. S. Dow spent his vacation at Plum Island, Newburyport.

Personal.—Rev. John A. Bowler, of Saxonville, is at Laurel Park as a member of the ministerial quartet. He gave a chalk talk to the children in Trinity Chapel, which was very profitable. Mr. Bowler is an artist in this line.

A Cheerful Giver

We give away very cheerfully sample bottles of a constipation cure that actually cures. It is Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It is not merely a relief. It permanently cures any kind of a case of constipation, no matter of how long standing. It is not a purgative nor an irritant cathartic. These simply lash and hurt the bowels and bring but temporary relief. The condition left behind is worse than the first. Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine does just the opposite. It is a tonic laxative of the highest order. It tones, strengthens and gives new life and vigor to the bowels. Only one small dose a day removes all the causes of the trouble and leaves the bowels well and able to move themselves without the aid of medicines. It cures dyspepsia, kidney and liver troubles, indigestion, headaches, catarrh of the stomach and all other diseases and conditions growing out of a clogged condition of the system. Try it free. Not a patent medicine or liquor. A list of ingredients on every package. A free sample bottle for the asking. Send for the sample today. Address, Vernal Remedy Co., 32 Seneca Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sold by all leading druggists.

He gave similar talks at the Weirs camp-meeting and at the Framingham Chautauqua Assembly. A large field of usefulness is opening for Mr. Bowler in this direction.

Laurel Park Camp-meeting.—Before this article appears in print the Laurel Park camp-meeting will be a matter of history, but it will certainly be of interest and encouragement to the reader to know that this meeting is by no means a failure. Conversions are of daily occurrence, and many believers are being sanctified or renewed in the spirit of their mind. Presiding Elder Richardson is an admirable presiding officer and director of a great spiritual movement. F. M. E.

Lynn District

Walnut St., Chelsea.—Rev. W. H. Butler, of East Weymouth, supplied the pulpit of this church on Sunday morning, Aug. 23, preaching a sermon of unusual thoughtfulness and power.

Asbury Grove.—At the cottage of Presiding Elder Leonard on Pleasant Ave., last Saturday afternoon, a reception was given by the board of control of Lynn District Epworth League to the presidents of the local Leagues. Mr. E. P. Bliss, of Medford, presided, and addresses were made by Mrs. C. H. Stackpole, of Melrose, Miss Gertrude A. Freeman, of Everett, and R. F. Dockham, of Salem.

Cambridge District

Sterling Camp-meeting.—There were well-attended preparatory services at Sterling Camp-ground, Sunday, Aug. 23, with sermons by Rev. A. W. L. Nelson, of Cohituate, Rev. W. A. Wood, of Spencer, and Rev. J. W. Fulton, of Worcester. Three meetings a day were held during the week, the closing service being on Friday night. Sermons were preached by Revs. Charles Tilton, of Lynn; W. F. Lawford, of Maynard; James Boyd Brady, of Grace Church, Worcester; W. C. Fowensend, of Westboro; S. F. Upham, of Drew Theological Seminary; A. H. Herrick, of Hudson; S. M. Dick, of Trinity Church, Worcester; N. T. Whitaker, of South Framingham; Presiding Elder W. T. Perrin, of Boston District; and George H. Cheney, of Clinton.

The mornings were devoted to the consideration of the general interests of the church. On Monday morning Rev. J. F. Allen, of Lowell, gave a very pertinent sermon on address on "Camp-meetings of the Past, Present and Future;" Tuesday forenoon, Rev. H. B. King spoke convincingly in behalf of Morgan Memorial; Wednesday morning, the place of Dr. W. I. Haven, of the American Bible Society, was very acceptably filled by Rev. C. E. Spaulding, of Fitchburg, who made what Dr. Upham publicly characterized as a "perfect gem" of an address on "The Bible as a Factor in Civilization;" Thursday, in the forenoon, Dr. E. M. Taylor gave a rousing and inspiring address on the missionary outlook in all parts of the world; and Friday morning Dr. T. Corwin Watkins very acceptably represented the Deaconess work.

In addition to the services in the tabernacle there was an early prayer service in Epworth Hall at 6 A. M., and class and prayer-meetings in the church houses at 8.30 A. M. and 6 P. M. At 1 o'clock Mrs. Harry L. Stockwell conducted a children's meeting in Epworth Hall. The last, and usually the most rousing, service of each day was an after-meeting in Epworth Hall from 9 to 10, under the auspices of the Sterling Junction Epworth League, and managed by Miss Cora Robinson.

The annual meeting of the Cambridge District Woman's Home Missionary Society was held on Wednesday at 1 o'clock, Rev. A. S. Gregg being the speaker. A meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held on Thursday at 1 o'clock. Mrs. Laura Wheeler Moore, a missionary from India, who is visiting on the grounds, was the speaker of the occasion.

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

—Rain interfered with the services to such an extent on Tuesday that the morning meeting was held in Epworth Hall.

—The attendance ranged from 250 to 1,000, the largest number being present on Thursday and Friday.

—A dwelling situated near the grounds burned down at noon, Sunday, the 23d. The people barely escaped injury. A baby and a kodak were saved. The fire was caused by the explosion of a gasoline stove.

—The singing was well managed by Chester W. Doten, who was assisted by a chorus occupying seats on the platform back of him.

—A big question suggested by the changing of preachers was: "Is it possible to get the best results by continuous threshing over of the same old straw? Doesn't such an arrangement lack progressive movement? Would it not be better to have an evangelist to lead in the preaching and to organize and systematize the workings of the camp-meeting time?"

—One of the many good points presented by Rev. W. A. Wood, of Spencer, in his sermon, was: "The fact of man calls for the fact of God. Each person knows himself as a being—a dependent being. If there is a dependent being there must be an independent Being. That independent Being is God."

—On Friday morning from 8.30 to 9.45 Dr. Knowles conducted the annual camp-meeting love-feast. Dr. Mansfield announced that 204 persons testified. It was certainly a very warm time, the speakers sometimes rising in "platoons."

—Rev. H. B. King made a very favorable impression as the representative of Morgan Memorial. What he told about that institution and the work that is being carried on in South Boston was a revelation to his hearers. He exhibited a beautifully wrought glove-box, valued at \$5, which had been made in the sloyd department by a colored boy not yet fifteen years old. His appeal for boxes and barrels of old clothing was so effective that he soon exhausted his supply of shipping tags and was obliged to send to Boston for more.

—The soloists on the grounds were pressed into service, so there was no lack of variety in the music.

—All doubt as to Methodist emphasis on the doctrine of eternal punishment was removed by the sermons of Dr. Tilton, Dr. Dick and Dr. Brady.

—Rev. J. F. Allen gave a very sane summing-up of the camp-meeting situation. The gist of his argument is in this excerpt: "The time has come to put the camp-meeting on wheels, on steamboats, and pitch the tents where the multitudes are, and that is my solution of the problem. But if we were to do the old camp-meeting work we must take our camp-meeting where the unconverted people are. Hindered by the electric cars, and by amusements of all kinds, and chained down to the daily tasks of life, we may not expect to have the large number of people in attendance at the meetings that we have had in former years, and more especially the unconverted people."

—In an impassioned address of twenty minutes Rev. N. W. Deveneau, missionary to the French-speaking people of New England, showed how he was working and succeeding among the people of that nationality. He pressed home the problem of the foreigner in

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SONGS OF PRAISE

Set the rice & songs all the people
25 cents per copy. 270 songs, new and familiar.
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York & Chicago

A. B. & E. L. SHAW CO.
ESTABLISHED 1750. MAKERS OF
PULPIT SUITS
Send for illustrated catalog. BOSTON, MASS.

TO INVESTORS

Money invested in Sheep and Cattle in Montana is safe and pays 30 per cent. A small investment now grows into a large flock in a few years. Over 300 men, women and children now have cattle and sheep on our ranches. Write for Annual Report, a most interesting document. MONTANA CO-OPERATIVE RANCH CO. Great Falls, Montana.

THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY

— OF —

FAMOUS LITERATURE

Selections from the world's great writers, ancient, mediæval and modern, with biographical and explanatory notes and with introductions by D. G. Mitchell and Andrew Lang.

Compiled by Nathan H. Dole, Forrest Morgan, and Caroline Ticknor.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Twenty volumes of 9,800 pages. 8mo. Over 500 full-page illustrations. Binding half-morocco.

Price, \$35.00.

Published, to be sold by subscription only, at \$90.00.

Will be sent express paid to any place in New England.

GEO. E. WHITAKER,

36 Bromfield St., Boston.

our midst until his hearers saw and understood it in a new light.

While there were none of the "old time" violent and exciting conversions, considerable quiet reviving was done. The masses of those in attendance voted as Christians, although in some of the services quite a number voted the other way by keeping their seats.

Results were shown in the interest taken in the meetings in the church houses, where the people had more time in which to declare themselves.

Stirring revival melodies floated out upon the camp from the church houses at 6 o'clock each evening. It was quite thrilling to hear the mingling of "He Leadeth Me," "Take Me as I Am," "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," "My Heavenly Home is Bright and Fair." There was an undertone of harmony (in the spirit of the occasion) in spite of the seeming discord.

"You divines always praise Mary, but when you want something to eat you hunt up Martha," said a woman to Dr. Upham after his sermon; but he wisely answered her never a word.

"The thing that startles me is that man was made to take in God." — Dr. Perrin.

Albert Sidney Gregg, Jr., was baptized by Dr. Perrin, assisted by Dr. Mansfield, during the service on Friday afternoon. Before the ceremony was over the little fellow declared in unmistakable terms that he expected to be a shouting Methodist.

"The world is looking us in the face and asking us one question. It is not the question: 'What do you believe?' as it used to be. The question today is: 'What can you do?'" — Dr. T. Corwin Watkins.

Dr. Mansfield, who had spent nine days on the camp-ground in connection with the League Assembly and the camp-meeting, was very happy in his little address of appreciation on the closing day. All who had assisted in the services came in for a share of recognition.

The Shrewsbury church house has been sold to Henry D. Bailey, a prominent member of Park Avenue Church, Worcester.

Oliver Arnold, Jr., the very capable organizer of the camp-meeting, will join Clarence B. Strowse, the evangelist, and begin an evangelistic tour in the South at Salem, Va., on Sept. 10.

"Selfishness is the taproot sin of humanity. Sin must be dethroned and Christ enthroned in the human heart. This will cost a struggle. But it is a life of victory." — Rev. J. W. Fulton.

"Men will learn that Christ's kingdom is actual and practical, and that no man belongs to it, whatever profession he makes, unless he has the spirit of Christ and loves his neighbor as himself." — Rev. W. C. Townsend.

"I am not a specialist on hell fire, but just as sure as the doctrine of divine love and kindness are constantly portrayed by God, so just as surely throughout the entire philosophy of things this justice of God flames out like a consuming fire. As the love of law, order and eternal goodness to the greatest number, that law must flower into justice when it is necessary to have order." — Dr. Brady.

Among the visiting ministers were Dr. J. M. Leonard, Dr. Mudge, Rev. P. H. Murdock (who is studying at Drew), Rev. T. C. Martin, Rev. William Wignall, Rev. Wesley Wiggin.

The Combination Oil Cure for Cancer

Has the indorsement of the highest medical authority in the world. It would seem strange indeed if persons afflicted with cancers and tumors, after knowing the facts, would resort to the dreaded knife and burning plaster, which have hitherto been attended with such fatal results. The fact that in the last ten years over one hundred doctors have put themselves under this mild treatment shows their confidence in the new method of treating those horrible diseases. Persons afflicted will do well to send for free book giving particulars and prices of Oils. Address: the home office, DR. D. M. BYE Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

DOMINION LINE



BOSTON-MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE
Azores, Naples and Genoa.
Cambrian, Sep. 19, Oct. 31 | Vancouver, Oct. 10, Nov. 21
1st class, \$60 upward. 2nd class, \$50.
BOSTON — QUEENSTOWN — LIVERPOOL
Mayflower, Sept. 10.
Commonwealth, Sept. 24.
1st class, \$80 upwards, 2d class, \$42.50.
DOMINION LINE, 77-81 State St., Boston.

"Father" Pentecost, Rev. L. W. Staples, Rev. G. H. Butler, and Dr. A. C. Thompson, of Worcester, a Baptist, who is a good deal of a Methodist.

After the closing sermon by Rev. G. H. Cheney on Friday night there was a prayer service, and then came the "march about Zion" — the ceremony which has marked the ending of Sterling camp-meeting for many years. The ministers led, two and two, then came the choir, and after the singers the congregation, singing "Onward, Christian Soldier," and "Marching to Zion." When the company had almost encircled the tabernacle red fire was touched off, which, mingling with the lights of the camp, together with the unrestrained singing and outbursts of good feeling, produced a somewhat weird effect. There was a general shaking of hands, the people became quiet, and Rev. John Peterson, president of the Camp-meeting Association, pronounced the benediction. A. S. G.

Cereal Foods

without cream are not appetizing, but good raw cream is not always easy to get. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream with a delicious flavor and richness. Use it for general cooking purposes. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Northport Camp meeting,	Aug. 31-Sept. 5
Allen Camp-meeting at Strong,	Aug. 31-Sept. 6
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting, Hamilton, Mass.,	Aug. 31-Sept. 7
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Sept. 7-12

W. F. M. S. — The regular meeting of the Executive Board will be held on Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 10 a. m., in the Committee Room, 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

ANNIE W. PHINNEY, Rec. Sec.

Marriages

LOWE — MURRAY. — In Sanford, Me., at the Methodist parsonage, by Rev. Alex. Hamilton, Levi E. Lowe, of Acton, and Myrtle A. Murray, of Emery's Mills.

EMERY — MASON. — In Hallowell, Me., Aug. 22, by Rev. W. Canham, William H. Emery and Ethel M. Mason, both of West Gardiner, Me.

LORENSTON — LIBBY. — In Bangor, Me., Aug. 22, at the home of the bride, by Rev. N. B. Cook, John Lorenston and Gertrude M. Libby, both of Bangor.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL RALLY DAY. — Sunday, Sept. 27, is set apart as Rally Day for the schools of our entire Methodism. It is hoped that all New England will respond to the call. A splendid program has been issued by Dr. Neely and his assistants, which can be had free of charge by every school that will promise an offering for the Sunday School Union cause.

Inasmuch as the New England Conference has set apart this day as the time to specially present the cause of the superannuates, to aid in restoring the funds so basely stolen from them, it is suggested that in this Conference the second Sunday in October be observed.

Let all superintendents and Sunday-school boards take up the matter at once, and make Rally Day a great time.

O. S. BAKETEL,
N. E. Field Worker.

CORNER-STONE LAYING IN MELROSE. — The laying of the corner-stone of the new Methodist Episcopal Church in Melrose will take place with appropriate ceremony on Saturday, Sept. 13, at 3 p. m. Former pastors have been specially invited to be present, also all the local clergy. Rev. S. F. Upham, D. D., has been asked and is expected to make the address. It is hoped to complete the edifice and dedicate before Conference. C. H. STACKPOLE.

W. F. M. S. — **GENERAL EXECUTIVE.** — The General Executive Committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will be entertained by the Baltimore Branch at Grace Church, cor. Lanvale St. and Carrollton Ave., Baltimore, Md., Oct. 29 Nov. 5. Any person purposing to attend will kindly send her name to MRS. CHARLES G. SUMMERS, Chairman Com. on Homes, 1725 Bolton St., Baltimore, Md.

The committee desires to know especially how many missionaries will be present.
MRS. S. A. HILL, General Chairman,
2513 Madison Ave., Baltimore, Md.

NOTICE. — The Vermont and New Hampshire Conferences are now placed in charge of Bishop Mallalien. H. W. WARREN.

Serious Indigestion

Cured by Horsford's Acid Phosphate

It relieves quickly, and then gradually restores the stomach to perfect health. A permanent cure and a most excellent tonic.

REOPENING AT WEBSTER. — Services connected with the reopening of the Webster church are not yet fully arranged, but in outline will be as follows: Dr. C. L. Goodell is the preacher for the Sunday morning service (evening not yet filled), Sept. 6. Thursday, Sept. 10, a sermon at 8 o'clock by Rev. C. E. Davis, with reception to former ministers and their wives, and a banquet, followed by presentation of a portrait of the late Hon. C. C. Corbin, and toasts by former pastors. It is hoped and expected to have a fine program and an inspiring reunion of former pastors and friends of the old church during this occasion.

HARVEY H. PAINE, Pastor.

MISS SHIBATA IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. — Miss Susy Shibata, of Japan, who has for nearly a year made her home with Miss Clara M. Cushman in Newton, has been speaking, with great success, at various camp meetings in New England, including Hedding, Wilmet, and Sheldon. Miss Shibata is a graduate of the W. F. M. S. school in Nagasaki, has taught in Tokyo, and is studying in America with the expectation of going back to Japan to teach. Her itinerary in New Hampshire is: Woodsville, Sept. 3; Monroe, 4; Whitefield, 6 a. m.; Bethlehem, 6 p. m.; Lisbon, 8; Littleton, 9; Groveton Camp-ground, 10; Colebrook, 11.

High Endorsement of Frink System of Reflectors

IDEAL LIGHTING IN A NEW YORK CHURCH. — Simply, the keynote of the decorations in the Second Church of Christ, Scientist, in this city, is obtained in a great measure by the method of illumination. The incandescent lamps being concealed in moldings and cornices, the effect produced is both mysterious and beautiful. The decorator was unusually lavish in the number of lamps he installed, yet, as they are all out of sight, there is nothing to offend the eye or distract attention from the delightful scheme of color harmony. Nature has contributed — with the aid of skilled workmen — to the harmonious effect of the building, as demonstrated in the beautifully-matched grain of the mahogany used in constructing the organ loft, readers' desks, chairs and platforms. Even in the marble panels throughout the interior the grain is perfectly matched. The auditorium has a seating capacity of 1,400, and no shadows being caused by this mode of lighting, every portion of the room is thoroughly lighted with a soft glow, which architects and experts declare to be the only perfect plan of illumination. There is no doubt but that this is the ideal manner of lighting interiors, both in the way of illumination and beauty. For houses there is nothing equal to concealed lights, while for use in dragging rooms, hospitals, and places where a soft uniform light is appreciated, it is the finest plan in the world. — *Bulletin*, New York Edison Co., June, 1903. This church was lighted as described above by I. P. Frink, 551 Pearl St., New York, with his system of reflectors for concealed lighting.

The Ohio Democratic State convention has nominated Tom L. Johnson for Governor and John H. Clarke for United States Senator. Clarke is the man who in the first Bryan campaign led the gold wing of the party in Ohio. In its resolutions and platform the convention ignored the silver issue. In nominating Mr. Johnson, John H. Clarke said: "The time has come when political parties should cease to be misled by catch phrases and maxims. One of the most mischievous is that measures, not men, count. The man is the life of the measure. Tom Johnson is the embodiment of the issues at stake — special privileges and special burdens to none."

GOVT REVOLVERS, GUNS, SWORDS, Military Goods, NEW and old, auctioned to F. Baanerman, 579 Broadway, N. Y., 15c. Catalogue mailed 6c.

WANTED, SCIENCE AND HEALTHS

Published either 1875, 1878, 1881 or 1882, by Mary Baker Glover Eddy. Journals of Christian Science published 1883 to 1887. Address,

H. B. HOUGHTON,
30 Russell St., Boston, Mass.

OBITUARIES

Our own are our own forever, God taketh not back His gift;
They may pass beyond our vision, but our souls shall find them out,
When the waiting is all accomplished, and the deathly shadows lift,
And glory is given for grieving, and the surety of God for doubt.

We may find the waiting bitter, and count the silence long;
God knoweth we are dust, and He pitieth our pain;
And when faith has grown to fullness and the silence changed to song,
We shall eat the fruit of patience and hunger not again.

So, sorrowing hearts who humbly in darkness and all alone
Sit missing the dear lost presence and the joy of a vanished day,
Be comforted with this message that our own are forever our own,
And God, who gave the gracious gift, He takes it never away.

— Selected.

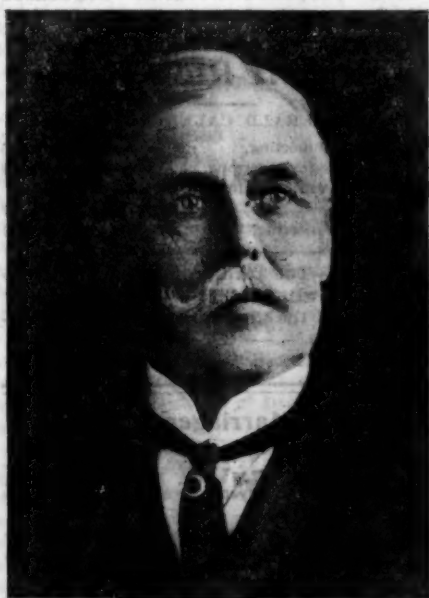
Rising.—"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle!" Mr. Bradley D. Rising (born Sept. 12, 1840), a prominent paper manufacturer, and for more than thirty years connected with the spiritual and financial life of the Methuen of Springfield, Mass., was suddenly summoned to his heavenly reward, Aug. 17, 1903, from his summer cottage at Pine Orchard, Conn. His last words were: "It's come at last," after which he sank into unconsciousness, from which he did not rally. Only twenty-four hours previously he seemed to be in his usual health and spirits.

Mr. Rising was a self-made man. He came to Springfield more than thirty-five years ago, a poor lad, with only a few dollars in his pocket, but with high ambitions in his heart. He secured a position the day after his arrival, at a modest salary, with a firm manufacturing albums. His energy and ability soon opened up more lucrative and responsible positions one by one until he became manager and then owner of a paper mill. Four years ago he purchased some old mills at Housatonic, built them over, and organized the B. D. Rising Paper Co. He was also vice-president of the Berkshire St. Railway Co. and a director of the Chicopee National Bank.

In character Mr. Rising had many noble qualities. He possessed in a remarkable degree the four elements of success: honesty and integrity, sagacity and sane judgment, great executive power, and ability to manage men, in the best sense. He has been described as a Napoleon in this regard. Among business and church associates he was known for his rugged strength. Men depended on him. Frank alike to all, he was considered by some abrupt, even austere, but there was never anything but kindly sincerity in his heart. A word of praise or criticism from him meant more than ten from many others. He loved children and youth. The poor boy picking fagots on the street, or the eager-eyed lad selling carnations, or the boy sweeping out the office, as well as the children of the Sunday-school of which he was for ten years superintendent, and, with his wife, for as many more years superintendent of the primary department, were all objects of kindly interest and affection. A child skipping a rope, seen from his office window, would attract his instant notice.

Princely liberality and generosity were a part of him. His heart was big. He was a constant and generous supporter of Trinity Church, of which he was for over twenty-five years

an official member. The public philanthropies of Springfield counted him a patron. Of Wesleyan Academy for many years he has been a trustee and contributor, being chairman of the finance committee. But it was in the promotion of new Methodist churches in Greater Springfield and elsewhere that he especially delighted. He was a member of the building committee of, and a contributor to, St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church when it was erected. To the Middlesex Methodist Episcopal Church and the Swedish Methodist Tabernacle he was the principal giver, being a member of their boards. He subscribed liberally toward the erection of St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, aiding as well in the erection of the chapel at Pine Orchard. In the erection of a fine little church at South Ticonderoga, N. Y., near his birthplace, built from a stone fence, on a ledge of solid rock, his contribution was only less than that of his nephew, Mr. H. A. Moses. He remarked publicly that he worked in his paper mills for the Lord as well as in the church. Methodism here has suffered an irreparable loss. Besides all these, while his



BRADLEY D. RISING

left hand was evidently not idle, it did not know much that his right hand was doing.

Genial and tender-hearted as well, perhaps Mr. Rising's crowning characteristics were two: First, his life-long habit of discovering worth in men, and his ability to bring out the best there was in them. Many successful men can say that Mr. Rising made them what they are. Second, his simple, childlike faith in Christ. His manly and unwavering faith made others believe because he did. All who knew him unite in saying that he was a man of power.

Forty years ago he was married to Miss Henrietta Reynolds, who, with four children—Rachel, Edith, Richard and Robert—one brother, Mr. J. J. Rising, and one sister, Mrs. H. H. Moses, survives him.

On Tuesday afternoon at 5 o'clock a simple service was conducted by his pastor, Rev. Eugene M. Antrim, at Pine Orchard, Conn. The profoundest sympathy and respect were here shown by the cottagers, all flags flying at half-mast. The remains were brought to Springfield the next day, and on Thursday afternoon funeral services were conducted at his home, 298 Union St., Rev. E. M. Antrim officiating, assisted by Revs. Drs. C. F. Rice, W. R. Newhall, and George Skene. The burial was in the family lot in Oak Grove Cemetery.

EUGENE M. ANTRIM.

Jackson.—Robert Jackson was born in Wiscasset, Maine, Jan. 16, 1821, and died in Bath, Maine, July 17, 1903.

He came to Bath in 1848, where he continued to reside until his death. In 1850 he was married to Drusilla Marr, of Webster, Me., who survives him. For more than fifty years they journeyed together in beautiful harmony. Two children also survive him: Mrs. Ezra Grover, of Bath, and Geo. F. Jackson, of Lawrence, Mass.

Mr. Jackson was an industrious, honest man,

working in lumber mills and, for many years, in the street department of his city. Few men have won and held so high a place in the esteem of his fellow-citizens of all classes as this man of humble life and heavy toil. He won it by sturdy integrity, by kindness and courtesy and especially by his devoted Christian life.

Mr. Jackson united with Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, Bath, Nov. 21, 1858, and remained a faithful, earnest member of the same church until his death. The interests of the church were second only to those of his home. He was rarely absent from any of the services. His prayers, exhortations, and songs of praise will be long remembered. For about thirty years he served as janitor of the church. In 1872, during the pastorate of Rev. James R. Day, D. D., he was appointed class-leader, and continued in that office for nearly thirty years. Many, by his wise and faithful counsel, have been guided to the Cross and there found a Saviour. He became a subscriber to ZION'S HERALD in 1869, and continued a constant and interested reader of that paper until his decease.

His going was sudden, but he had walked

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

He Cured Himself of Serious Stomach Trouble by Getting Down to First Principles

A man of large affairs in one of our prominent eastern cities, by too close attention to business, too little exercise and too many club dinners, finally began to pay nature's tax, levied in the form of chronic stomach trouble; the failure of his digestion brought about a nervous irritability, making it impossible to apply himself to his daily business, and finally deranging the kidneys and heart.

In his own words he says: "I consulted one physician after another, and each one seemed to understand my case, but all the same they each failed to bring about the return of my former digestion, appetite and vigor. For two years I went from pillar to post, from one sanitarium to another; I gave up smoking, I quit coffee and even renounced my daily glass or two of beer, but without any marked improvement.

"Friends had often advised me to try a well known proprietary medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and I had often perused the newspaper advertisements of the remedy, but never took any stock in advertised medicines, nor could believe a fifty-cent patent medicine would touch my case.

"To make a long story short, I finally bought a couple of packages at the nearest drug store, and took two or three tablets after each meal, and occasionally a tablet between meals, when I felt any feeling of nausea or discomfort.

"I was surprised at the end of the first week to note a marked improvement in my appetite and general health, and before the two packages were gone I was certain that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets were going to cure completely, and they did not disappoint me. I can eat and sleep and enjoy my coffee and cigar, and no one would suppose I had ever known the horrors of dyspepsia.

"Out of friendly curiosity I wrote to the proprietors of the remedy asking for information as to what the tablets contained, and they replied that the principal ingredients were aseptic pepsin (government test), malt diastase, and other natural digestives, which digest food regardless of the condition of the stomach."

The root of the matter is this: The digestive elements contained in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food, give the overworked stomach a chance to recuperate and the nerves and whole system receive the nourishment which can only come from food. Stimulants and nerve tonics never give real strength; they give a fictitious strength, invariably followed by reaction. Every drop of blood, every nerve and tissue is manufactured from our daily food, and if you can insure its prompt action and complete digestion by the regular use of so good and wholesome a remedy as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, you will have no need of nerve tonics and sanitariums.

Although Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been in the market only a few years, yet, probably, every druggist in the United States, Canada and Great Britain, now sells them, and considers them the most popular and successful of any preparation for stomach trouble.

R-U-P-T-U-R-E

HYDROCELE

VARICOCELE and PILES

Can be CURED without the knife or pain, by Dr. FARRAR, specialist of 35 years' experience 28 King St., Dorchester Dist., Boston. For FULL information call on the Doctor as above on Mondays and Tuesdays, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. He is highly endorsed. The treatment is a great comfort. Terms reasonable. No charge for a professional interview. Inquire of Publisher of this paper. The Doctor's post-office address is Lock Box 2315, Boston, Mass.

THIS CARD APPEARS EVERY OTHER WEEK.

with the Christ too long and too faithfully to leave any doubt as to the triumph of his departure. He is not, for God has taken him.

D. B. HOLT.

Patch.—William R. Patch was born in Townsend, Mass., Dec. 20, 1823, and died, June 23, 1903, after an illness of almost four years with brain trouble.

Mr. Patch was converted in early life at Lowell, under the labors of Evangelist Earle. In 1831 he came to Pepperell to reside, and May 8, 1835, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he remained a consistent member until called to join the church triumphant.

Mr. Patch is survived by his wife, Mrs. Sarah E. (Lawrence) Patch, and two daughters, who hope to meet one of the best of husbands and fathers in the better land.

S. E. PATCH.

Siegers.—Mrs. Mary E. (Lilly) Siegers was born in Dresden, Me., Nov. 6, 1833, and died in Dresden, June 29, 1903, making the days of her pilgrimage on earth 69 years, 7 months, and 23 days.

She was converted in early life, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church of Dresden, remaining faithful until death. Her hospitable home was always open to the preachers of the charge, and none could fail to feel at home when quartered with her excellent family.

In 1857 she was married, by Rev. B. B. Byrne, to Mr. John Siegers, of Dresden, with whom she lived and toiled and shared the common lot of life until he passed on before her last November. Three children—Charles H. and Edwin L. Siegers, and Mrs. Herman Lilly—survive her and were a comfort to her.

Mrs. Siegers' last sickness was long and painful, yet she bore it without complaint. Her faith in Christ was always triumphant, and she departed this life in peace. The church sustains a loss, and with her family unites in mourning.

She was buried from the church at South Dresden, services being conducted by the pastor. A large number of people were present.

F. W. BROOKS.

Gilbert.—Cornelius W. Gilbert was born in Kingfield, Me., in October, 1830, and died in the same place, July 28, 1903.

Mr. Gilbert was a resident of Kingfield, where he had lived all his life. By occupation he was a farmer. His conversion took place in a revival which graciously visited his town while he was in his thirties. He was baptized and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which fellowship he remained until his decease. Until recent years he was always present at all the services of the church, and was ever ready to give his testimony. His life was consistent with his profession.

The immediate cause of Mr. Gilbert's death was heart trouble. However, his lungs were affected, and this complication was thought to have hastened his decease.

A son, Oslan, and a daughter, Miss Luella, are the only children he ever had. They survive their father and mourn their loss. His wife, who was a worthy member of our church, preceded him into "the beyond" by ten years. His sister, Mrs. Hannah H. Lander, is the only one of his father's family left.

The funeral took place in the Methodist Church at Kingfield, July 30, and was conducted by Rev. H. S. Ryder, of North Anson, one of his former pastors.

H. S. R.

Hall.—Into the home of Henry C. Mason and wife was born, April 30, 1879, a daughter, to whom they gave the name Leona V. April 30, 1901, she became the wife of Mr. Archie Hall. Early in life she gave her heart to God and her name to the Methodist Episcopal Church of Vienna, Maine, where she lived a beautiful Christian life—sweet, gentle, faithful in all her relations, a true Christian child of God. Words fail to convey the loveliness of her nature. Only those who knew her can understand how richly the Christian graces shone forth in her brief life. She was possessed of more than the

usual degree of musical ability, and she loved music for its very sweetness.

July 26, 1903, she changed her home of love here for the "house of many mansions," eternal, in the heavens, leaving her husband and twin infant boys, father, mother, sister, and other relatives, together with many neighbors and friends, in great sorrow, yet not to mourn as those without hope; but to mourn their loss, while she waits to greet them in her glorious home above.

C. PURINTON.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures radically—that is, it removes the roots of disease. That's better than lopping the branches.

EDUCATIONAL

TILTON SEMINARY

Tilton, N. H.

Fall term will open Sept. 15, 1903.

Few schools charging \$500 offer equal advantages. An increasing endowment makes low rates possible. Broad courses of study. Fine buildings and situation. Three hours from Boston. \$100 Plan for limited number. Send for catalogue (mentioning ZION'S HERALD).

GEO. L. PLIMPTON, Principal.

WABAN SCHOOL Highest grade preparatory school for boys. Healthfully and beautifully located. Cultured home influences and experienced instructors.

Send for circular to

J. H. PILLSBURY, WABAN, MASS.

FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES

Boston, New York, Chicago, Washington, Toronto, Minneapolis, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles. Manual Free EVERETT O. FISK & Co.

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

BOSTON, Mass.

All the advantages of the finest and most completely equipped Conservatory building in the world, the atmosphere of a recognized center of Art and Music and association with the masters in the Profession are offered students at the New England Conservatory of Music. Thorough work in all departments of music. Courses can be arranged in Elocution and Oratory.

GEORGE W. CHADWICK, Musical Director.

All particulars and year book will be sent on application.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY Metropolitan advantages of every kind 136 Instructors 1361 Students from 93 Universities, 17 Foreign countries, and from 39 American States and Territories. WILLIAM F. WARREN, President.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY For College Graduates free rooms and free tuition in the heart of **SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY** Boston. Nearly two hundred students. Fifty-sixth Year opens Sept. 16. Address Dean M. D. BUELL, 12 Somerset St.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY For College Graduates one hundred Scholarships of \$50 each. Located close to **SCHOOL OF LAW** the Courts. Four hundred students last year. Opens Oct. 5. Address Dean M. M. BIGELOW, Isaac Rich Hall, Ashburton Place.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY College Graduates are favored in the entrance examination. Exceptional **SCHOOL OF MEDICINE** at clinical and laboratory facilities. Opens Oct. 8. Address Dean J. P. SUTHERLAND, 295 Commonwealth Ave.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY Five hundred students in attendance. Elective courses in great **COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS** variety. Admission from certifying schools without examination. All the collegiate degrees. Opens Sept. 17. Address Dean W. E. HUTCHINGS, 12 Somerset St.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY Philosophical and literary courses, leading to the degrees of A. M. and **GRADUATE DEPARTMENT** Ph. D. For College Graduates only. Opens Sept. 17. Address Dean R. P. BOWNE, 12 Somerset St.

Methodist Book Concern

New England Depository

Sunday-School Libraries

No feature of Sunday-School equipment contributes more to successful work than The Library.

With the reassembling of the School for the important work of the year should come a revision of the Library, and a freshening of the catalogue by the addition of the latest books.

We can supply the books at the lowest prices, and on the most liberal terms.

Send us the catalogue of your present Library, with some suggestions as to the amount of money available, and we will send you, on approval, a liberal assortment of the best books; or, if you wish, we shall be happy to correspond with you on any point relative to the furnishings of a Modern Sunday-School.

Send for our New and Complete Catalogue

Best Books

Chas. R. Magee, Manager,

36 Bromfield St., Boston.

EDUCATIONAL

WESLEYAN ACADEMY

WILBRAHAM, MASS.

The next school year will open on Wednesday, Sept. 16, 1903. Applications now being received.

For catalogue or information address

Rev. WILLIAM R. NEWHALL, Principal.

THE MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY and WOMAN'S COLLEGE

offers unexcelled educational advantages in Art, Music (vocal and instrumental), Oratory, in its Business College, in its Normal, College Preparatory and Seminary Courses, and in its Woman's College. The healthfulness of its location is unsurpassed. Expenses low.

Fall term commences Sept. 1.

For catalogue and information write the President,

WILBUR F. BERRY,
KENT'S HILL, MAINE.

The East Greenwich Academy

No secondary school in America can offer so many advantages for so small a cost. Five dollars per week for the school year covers necessary expenses! Write for leaflet on "Self-Help at the East Greenwich Academy."

102d year begins Sept. 15, 1903.

Rev. LYMAN G. HORTON, Principal,
EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

Lasell Seminary for Young Women

Auburndale, Mass.

(Ten miles from Boston.)

Boston standards of scholarship and conduct of life with advantages of healthful and beautiful suburban residence; rowing and skating on Charles River; out-door games in ample, shaded grounds; best equipped gymnasium and swimming pool under careful hygienic supervision. Lectures and lessons on topics adapted to the ideal administration of homes; pupils properly chaperoned to the best Musical and Literary entertainments in Boston, and to historical places in the vicinity.

For illustrated catalogue, blank forms for application or place on waiting-list, address (mentioning this paper).

C. C. BRAGDON, Principal



**CHURCH
CARPETS**

AT MANUFACTURERS'
PRICES. 658

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS Co.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY.
WASHINGTON ST.,
OPP. ROYLSTON ST.,
BOSTON.



Editorial

Continued from page 1109

of the license law any better than they had the prohibitory law.

Every morning is indeed a new spiritual birthday. Any one may grow, not only hours, but years, yes, decades, better in a single night.

A story comes from the West to the effect that a little girl, asked to repeat the 23d Psalm, started off in this wise: "The Lord is my shepherd, and he lost his sheep, and don't know where to find them." The wee girl was wrong. The Lord does know where to find His sheep. He has sought them long and lovingly. If they will not be "found" and reinstated in the snug shelter of the fold, it is not the fault of the Good Shepherd, who has done, and is doing, all He can for the sheep who have strayed.

The church's great hope for the future is to bring the children, the men and women of the future, into its corporate and active life. We cannot do too much for the children. Well invested beyond any computation are the time, money, labor, prayers, that are being expended to bring the children into fellowship and sympathy with the church of Christ.

Surprised, vested or gowned choirs are now found in nine of the Methodist churches of New York city, namely, Trinity, Sixty-first Street, Church of Our Saviour, Eighteenth Street, Thirtieth Street, Calvary (Metropolitan Temple), Tremont, Madison Avenue, and Jane Street. The choir of Trinity is garmented in cassocks and cottas, and that of the Sixty-first Church in black gowns resembling those which were worn when Methodism was first established in New York. The *New York Tribune*, in a recent issue, devotes several columns to a discussion of the tendency to a liturgical service, and to a description of the "primitive" and the "new" music, besides furnishing pictures of the choirs of the Trinity and Sixty-first Street Churches.

The famous surgeon, Dr. Lorenz, while attending a banquet given in his honor in this country, was observed to abstain from drinking any liquor. A guest, remarking upon this circumstance, asked Dr. Lorenz if he was a teetotaler. "I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator," replied the distinguished visitor, "but I am a surgeon, and I must keep my brain clear, my muscles tense, and my nerves steady." The argument for total abstinence—one of the arguments—is here presented in terse and telling form. Stuff that the surgeon cannot afford to handle nobody else dare touch.

Dr. Lyman Abbott has neatly compared a text of Scripture to a railroad ticket—"not good if detached." It is this detaching texts from their context and treating a single verse as though it were a whole Bible in itself that has gotten a good many people besides commentators into trouble. If the Lord has said a good thing through one man it does not follow that He has not said an equally good and relevant thing through another sacred writer. The true way is to collate and relate all these authentic divine utterances into a composite picture of truth, a symmetrical whole of rich revelation.

A little pamphlet called, "The Religious Education Association," has been issued by that organization from its headquarters, 153 LaSalle Street, Chicago, from which it

will be sent out free on application. It contains 32 pages filled with information concerning the history, scope, plans and departments of this body, which promises to be an important and growing factor in the varied life of the nation. The bound volume of 422 octavo pages, containing the "Proceedings of the Convention" held last February, at which the new Association was formed, will be sent postpaid for one dollar. Educators, pastors, Sunday-school workers, and other intelligent people who are interested in the progress of Biblical study, and in various phases of education in the land, should keep themselves informed in regard to this movement. It is bound to grow.

About Alleged Book Concern Losses

THE general public, especially the Methodist portion, will do well to suspend judgment concerning the sensational reports which are being exploited in the daily press, alleging gross wrong-doing in the Methodist Depository in San Francisco under the administration of the former agent, Rev. Dr. J. D. Hammond. Connected with this are statements reflecting upon the official character of the senior agent of the Eastern House, Rev. Dr. Homer Eaton, and the declaration that not only the Eastern House, but the business of the Book Concern as a whole, is conducted at a great financial loss. As these statements are liable to mislead and harm both the business of the Book Concern and officials as yet unspotted, and awaken unjust suspicions and alarm, and as the *HERALD* believes it to be its duty to take its readers promptly into confidence in such matters, the facts, as now understood, are herewith given:

First, the loss under Dr. Hammond in the San Francisco Depository is an old matter. Dr. Hammond ceased to be agent at the last General Conference in 1900. He had been agent for fourteen years or more up to that time, and had made losses aggregating about \$5,000 a year—some \$70,000 in all. The matter was thoroughly investigated at the last General Conference; and while it was clear that many of his methods and ways of doing business were objectionable, there was no charge that he had misappropriated funds. This matter is now taken up and agitated anew, his friends say, in order to defeat his election to the approaching General Conference. We do not condemn, certainly we do not justify, him. The facts must come out in due time. It will clear the air for our readers to know that it is an old matter, into which the last critical and fearless General Conference made painstaking inquiry.

Touching Rev. Dr. Homer Eaton, senior agent of the Book Concern in New York, no man who knows him will believe, for a moment, that he has done intentional wrong in connection with this affair. Whether his confidence in Dr. Hammond was in any degree misplaced, is a question that will surely be settled through a fuller revelation of Dr. Hammond's career in connection with the Depository. But he should have—as he has always had—the fullest confidence of the church until some reason to the contrary can be shown.

The statement that the Eastern House is losing money is not justified by the annual reports at hand. These reports, which are presented to the Book Committee and to all our Annual Conferences, show that its sales for the three years ending Oct. 31, 1902, aggregated \$2,646,000, and its profits amounted to \$347,000. The accounts for the present year are not made up, but they will without doubt show a fair increase in sales and profits. The foundation for the

allegation of loss by the Eastern House may, and probably does, come from the rigid scaling down of valuations which was ordered nearly four years ago by the Book Committee. The charge that the Book Concern, as a whole, is losing large sums of money annually in conducting its business, is a canard, having no foundation in fact.

The Magelssen Incident

THE *Boston Journal* of August 29, which publishes very fair pictures of Harpoot, and of the missionaries located there, remarks that since it turns out Vice-Consul Magelssen at Beirut, who was reported to have been assassinated, "is alive and well, it looks as if, instead of Turkey apologizing to us, it is up to us to apologize to Turkey. Of course we are glad that Mr. Magelssen did not get himself killed, but in the future he should be careful to keep continuously so very much alive that there will be no further danger of international complications on account of false reports of his death." The mere fact that the vice-consul was not shot, but shot at, while of extreme importance to him personally, and a happy circumstance from the point of view of his many friends, does not relieve the incident of its serious international significance, especially as taken in connection with the present unrest throughout Turkey and the indifference of the authorities generally to the well-being of foreigners. The fact that is full of meaning is that a man, fanatical or otherwise, tried to kill the vice-consul, and was not a good enough shot (fortunately) to hit him. The attempt on the consul's life may have been simply the erratic act of a misguided or revengeful individual, or it may have been the result of a plot. That is a matter for investigation—an inquiry which the Turks cannot be trusted wholly to conduct by themselves, but in which the foreign consuls should have a hand. In any case, the incident betokens a prevalence of unsettled conditions in Beirut which the Turkish Government, always inclined to the sloth of civic indifference, must be urgently prompted to correct. If order cannot be maintained on the seacoast, within range of the guns of visiting warships, worse riot will obtain behind the mountains of Armenia. It is true that, as the late Lord Salisbury cynically remarked at the time of the Armenian massacres, it is somewhat impracticable for men-of-war to sail over the Taurus Mountains, but it is not necessary for a fleet to navigate the interior of Turkey in order to bring the Turk to terms. Beirut and Smyrna are handy ports (the former undefended and the latter poorly defended) which represent two tender spots in which the "sick man" may be pinched a little if necessary, in order to make him see and do his duty, even if he squirms a good deal meanwhile. The consuls of the other Powers represented in Beirut probably wholly approve the vigorous American demands that Turkey guarantee the inviolability of the consulates. There is an old saying in the Orient: "If you travel in the East, wrap the American flag around you for protection, but if you get into trouble, call on the British consul!" In this instance President Roosevelt evidently wants to spare our countrymen the trouble and embarrassment of calling on the British consul. He does not intend to cotton up to the Turks, although he has sent in their direction a Cotton.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.